No. 837
Friday
14 Jan. '94

PRIVATE YEO

90p

FAMILY VALUES

LATEST

OPENING LINES

How Does It Work?

Opening Lines is an independent advertisement service run by Paravox Ltd.

Your advertisement appears in Private Eye together with your own Opening Lines telephone number.

Readers see your ad, dial your number and listen to your recorded greeting. If they like what they hear, they can record a message for you, there and then, which you and only you, can listen to later.

If you want your own Opening Lines number, simply write out a short advertisement (up to 20 words), then call our operators on 081 466 4048 and dictate it to them. Remember to have your Access or Visa card details handy.

If you simply want to reply to an advertiser, just dial the telephone number shown in your chosen advertisement and leave your details after the tone.

For a full explanation of the service, just dial 0839 512 333.

FEMALE, LATIN AMERICAN/BRITISH, petite, 51, unattached. University education, well spoken, into dancing, writing, studying. Seeks European, gentle, well spoken man. Not tall. Romance/marriage. Ring 0660 209739

GOOD LOOKING, black male model, has so much love to give but no one to give it to, requires good looking princess. No time wasters. Ring 0660 209741

REBECCAH SEEKS SAM. 29 year old Jewish actress, Cheers lover. Not interested in men who put petite and curvy on top of their list of attributes for women! Ring 0660 205098

INDIANA JONES lost in the forest, seeking your heart, intelligent, handsome male, seeks you, the love of his life, lady, 18-35, for romance. Ring 0660 209651

LOOKING FOR A MAN? then why not try our new Library Line service. To listen to a selection of past, present and even future male Opening Lines advertisers, just dial this number. Ring 0660 204222

GOOD LOOKING, LIVELY BLONDE, divorced, graduate, 5ft 6ins, gsoh, many varied interests. Seeks tall, good looking, non smoker, white, professional, interesting, loving male, 38-48. Ring 0660 209584

ROMANTIC MALE, 28, tall, slim, attractive, seeks genuine caring lady for lasting relationship. Ring 0660 209647

HI, THIS ALMOST 44 year old divorced woman who is not unattractive, is 5ft 6ins and has many interests, may be looking for YOU! Ring 0660 209640

INTERESTING, ATTRACTIVE, sensitive and slim young man, 34, wishes to meet similar female, age 22-32, for friendship and possible romance. Ring 0660 209544

CAN'T FIND my soulmate! Me: female, slim, attractive, manage rock band, love films, gigs, laughter, conversation, cuddles. Where are you? Sincere, sensitive, fun guys only. Ring 0660 209652

CARING YOUNG MAN who is also sensitive, attractive and passionate seeks a lovely lady for fun and romance. Ring 0660 209674

ATTRACTIVE, ARTICULATE, career woman, 36, exploring personal development, jazz, literature and cooking, seeks similar, tall, solvent man, 35/45, for lasting relationship. Ring 0660 209712

THE SEARCH FOR A WOMAN might just be over. If you would like to listen to a selection of past, present and even future Opening Lines female advertisers, then why not try our new Library Line Service. Just ring this number. Ring 0660 204333

PROFESSIONAL GRADUATE male, 28, 5ft 6in, slim, interests include walking, music, cinema; friendly, easygoing, considerate person, looking for similar attractive female for genuine relationship. Ring 0660 205225

I AM 51, FEMALE, divorced, 5ft 6in, quite a good figure, affectionate and like to be wined and dined. Seeking a male, gsoh, similar age and interests. Ring 0660 205247

DIRECTOR, 39, 6ft 3in, athletic, graduate, likes long hair and short skirts, seeks attractive, intelligent, affectionate female. NW, will travel. Ring 0660 206431

VIVACIOUS, SENSUOUS lady, 30s, seeks good looking guy, sincere and fun loving. Ring 0660 205066

PROFESSIONAL MALE, white, 46, slim, divorced, graduate, North London area, seeks woman for friendship and relaxing times, maybe more, into literature. Ring 0660 209512

INTELLIGENT, SLIM, tall woman, 40, desires similar, genuine man, 35/43, for friendship, possible one to one relationship, laughter and summer picnics. Ring 0660 209577

DO YOU ENJOY LIFE? I do. Unconventional, professional male, 31. I love music, comedy and people on the same wavelength. No wet blankets please. Ring 0660 205157

WANTED, older married professional businessman, 40 to 60, 5ft 11in plus, by tall, slim, attractive, professional woman, 30. Ring 0660 209515

LOOKING FOR LOVE in 1994! Single man, 28, average looks and great sense of humour, seeks fabulous fun female, for romance and lasting relationship. Ring 0660 209677

ATTRACTIVE, INTERESTING, well travelled man, 40s, gsoh, n/s, seeks warm, loving, exotic woman, 35+ to make spring come early. Ring 0660 205240

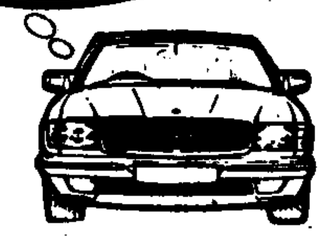
Opening Lines advertisements cost £35 for 20 words.
To place you own advertisement call -
081 466 4048
and our operators will take your advertisement, any time day or night.
Calls are charged at 36p per minute cheap rate and 48p per minute at all other times.
Paravox Ltd. PO Box 230, Walton on Thames, KT12 1YX

The Peugeot 605 Specialist Centre
ROY CHAPMAN LTD
Specialists in Executive Cars and Customer Service
We are unlikely to be beaten for value or friendliness

93(K) 605 SVE Auto 9,659 miles, Steel	£18,995
93(K) 605 SVE Auto 11,841 miles, Silver	£18,795
93(K) 605 SRDT 8,469 miles, Midnight	£17,595
93(K) 605 SVE Auto 6,548 miles, Castille Brown	£16,495
92(K) 605 SV 3.0 5,985 miles, Topaz Blue	£14,695
92(K) 605 SR 3.0 Man 1,175 miles, Topaz Blue	£14,295
92(K) 605 Z6 3.0 Man 11, 951 miles, Topaz	£13,695

For more information, advice or a test drive
Call us now on
0494 792222

I retyred in Beaconsfield



35 Minutes from the West End
HUGHES OF BEACONSFIELD
APPOINTED DEALER Mercedes-Benz
(0494) 672141

FUTON EXPRESS
Double Sofa-Beds from £99
Colour Brochure
23/27 Pancras Road, London NW1 2QB
Tel: 071-833 3945 10am-6pm Mon-Sat
Fast U.K. Del or Cash n' Carry

CUBES SHELVING TRESTLES DESKS ETC
Inexpensive cupboards, record units drawers, wardrobes & shelf systems beech, white, black for home or work
Mail-order catalogue or visit us at
CubeStore 58 Pembroke Road W8
081-994 6016 (24hrs) also in Suffolk

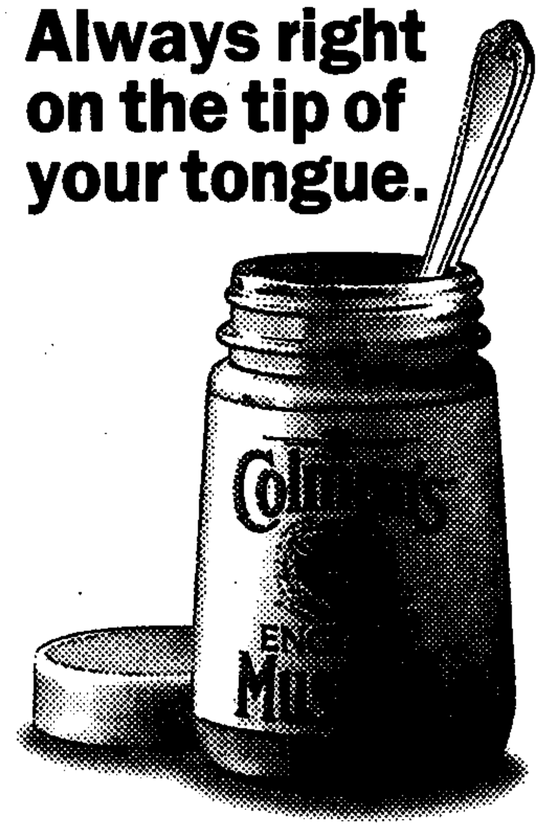
Colmanballs

"They'll never sue us for that."
Ian Hislop

"The M25 would be fine if it wasn't for the traffic."
Transport spokesman

"The car in front is definitely in the lead."
Grand Prix commentator

Always right on the tip of your tongue.



Joint Winner of the '93 Private Eye Advertisement Competition

BACK NUMBERS
Collectors of *Private Eye* can ring **071-228 0425** for details of prices and availability, or write to P.E. Back Numbers at Mortimer House, 230 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE.

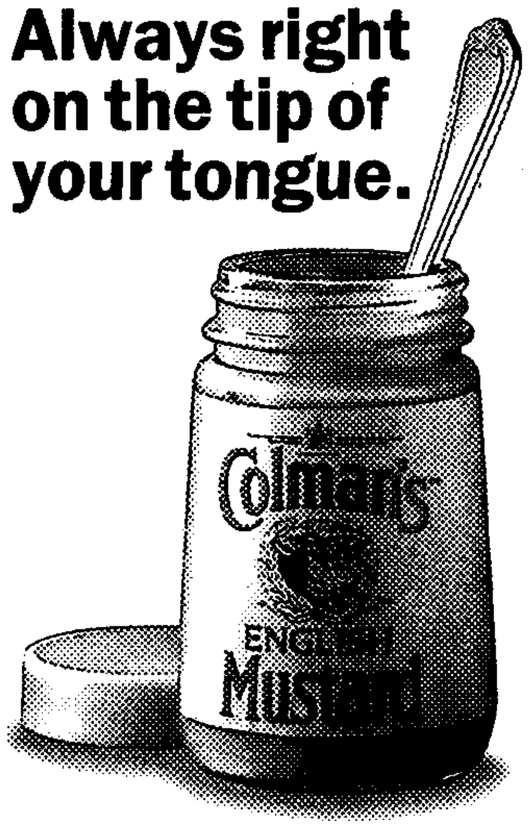
Colmanballs

"The Channel Tunnel is a great idea, but I wish they'd built it somewhere else."
A Kent resident

"He only lost because he kept going on the wrong squares."
Grandmaster on Short v Kasparov

"The problem with trees is they have leaves."
BR spokesman

Always right on the tip of your tongue.



Agency: CME/KHBB.
Creative team: Phil Rowson & Dave Watson.

Gentlemens
Erotic Watch

Made specially for us by French watchmakers - this Full Hunter Pocket Watch incorporates a fine quality Swiss mechanical movement. The gold and silver case conceals a watch face illustrating a man and woman in 15th century costume in an intimate pose. The second hand of the watch has a unique action.

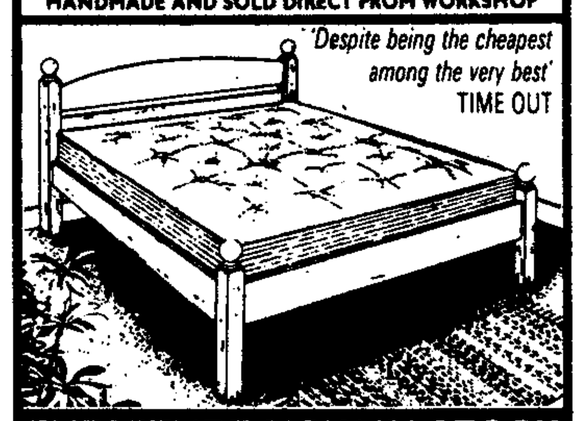
Details available from:
Clockwork & Steam,
Old Marmalade Factory,
PO Box 4472, Witney, Oxon OX8 8LR.
Tel 0993 883683. Fax 0993 882660.

Serious Enquiries Only Please

TAURUS PINE BEDS

HANDMADE AND SOLD DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP

'Despite being the cheapest among the very best'
TIME OUT



FURNITURE NOW IN STOCK
333 KILBURN HIGH ROAD LONDON NW6
OPEN SEVEN DAYS
FREE BROCHURE 071-624 3024

WE BUY BREITLING

THE BEST DEAL GUARANTEED

£400 MIN. UPTO £5000
CASH PAID INSTANTLY
FOR CURRENT AUTO.
CHRONOMAT•NAVITIMER
ALL OTHERS BOUGHT

WANTED CHRONAGRAPHS
ROLEX *Cartier* PATEK
HEUER OMEGA BVLGARI
JAEGER EBEL & *MILITARY*
GOLD OR STEEL, OLD & NEW

Bassange
Jewellers since 1950
7 HATTON GARDEN
LONDON EC1
TEL: 071 242 3152
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

BRING OR SEND REGISTERED POST
BUY • SELL • EXCHANGE • GREAT VALUE

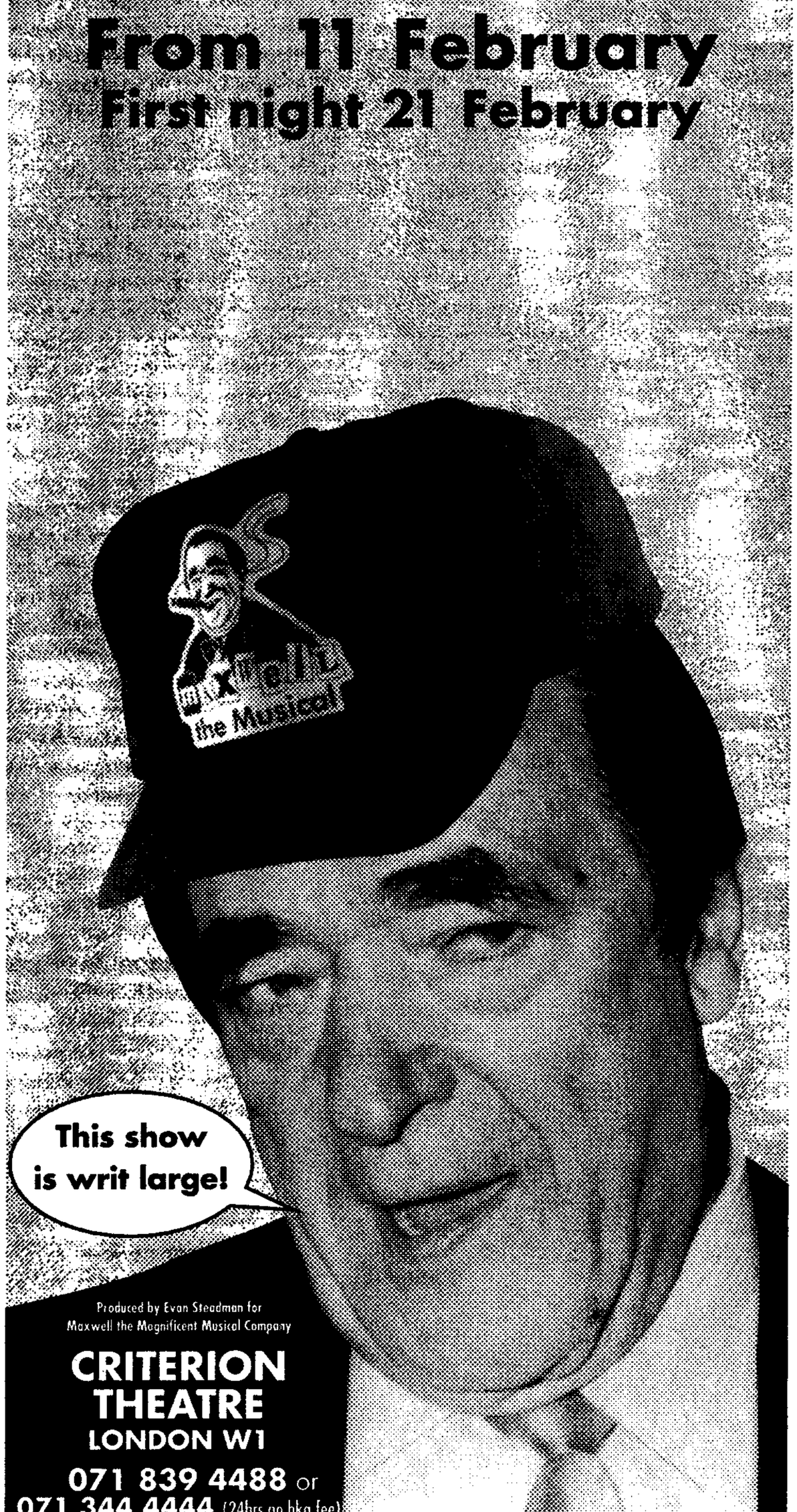
CARTOON ORIGINALS

Cartoons that have appeared in *Private Eye* may be purchased directly from the artists. Write to them by name — where decipherable — at *Private Eye*, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1.

maxwell

the Musical Review will make you laugh, sing – and angry!

From 11 February
First night 21 February



This show is writ large!

Produced by Evan Steadman for
Maxwell the Magnificent Musical Company

CRITERION THEATRE
LONDON W1
071 839 4488 or
071 344 4444 (24hrs no bkg fee)

the hour of the pig

The case is a dog.
The defendant is a pig.
And the law is an ass.

15

"An ebullient comedy about sex, intolerance and legal absurdities."
THE TIMES

A BBC Films and CIBY 2000 Production with the participation of British Screen, Miramax Films and the European Co-Production Fund (UK).
A film by LESLIE MEGAHEY
Starring COLIN FIRTH IAN HOLM DONALD PLEASENCE AMINA ANNABI and NICOL WILLIAMSON
in THE HOUR OF THE PIG
With MICHAEL GOUGH HARRIET WALTER JIM CARTER LYSETTE ANTHONY
Music by ALEXANDRE DESPLAT Sound Recordist DANIEL BRISSEAU Costume Designer ANNA BURUMA
Production Designer BRUCE MACADIE Editor ISABELLE DEDIEU Director of Photography JOHN HOOPER
Executive Producer MICHAEL WEARING Produced by DAVID M.THOMPSON
Written and Directed by LESLIE MEGAHEY
International Sales © BBC and CIBY 2000 MCMXCIII
Distribution by Mayfair Entertainment (UK)

FROM FRIDAY JANUARY 21

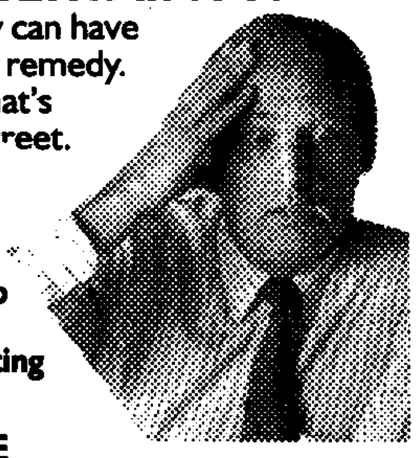
WARNER WEST END LEICESTER SQUARE (071) 437 4343
MGM HAYMARKET 081-970 6016
MGM TOTTENHAM CT. RD. 081-970 6032
MGM CHELSEA 081-970 6010
ODEON KENSINGTON BOOKINGS (071) 371 3166
ODEON SWISS COTTAGE BOOKINGS (071) 722 5885
PICTUREHOUSE CLAPHAM 071 - 498 3323
PHOENIX East Finchley 081-883 2233

AND SELECTED CINEMAS ACROSS THE COUNTRY FROM FEB.4

(CHECK LOCAL PRESS FOR DETAILS)

DISCREET
SURVEILLANCE
EQUIPMENT ENDS UNCERTAINTY!

Whether it's commercial or personal, disloyalty can have catastrophic results. Fortunately there is now a remedy. Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice that's dependable, reliable and more importantly discreet. You can write or telephone in confidence for advice or simply to request a free catalogue



■ UHF Crystal Controlled Room and Telephone Transmitters ■ Body Wires and Wire Taps ■ Radio and Computer Controlled Systems ■ Specialist Receivers & Recorders ■ Recording and Transmitting Briefcases ■ Counter Surveillance Equipment.

LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE
716 Lea Bridge Road, London E10 6AW
081-558 4226
PROTECTING YOUR BEST INTERESTS
04/2754

QUICK, NEAT AND EASY!

PRIVATE EYE BINDERS

Each binder holds 26 issues – a year's worth – and is attractively bound in dark blue with the PRIVATE EYE logo in white on the spine.

The UK price is now £7.50 including postage, packing and VAT. For overseas orders please add 70p.

WHY NOT PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW?
Send the completed order form below with your remittance to: Private Eye Binders, Mortimer House, 230 Lavender Hill, London SW11. Telephone 071 228 0425

ORDER FORM

I enclose PO/cheque value £ . . . . . for . . . . Private Eye binders *or*
please charge ☐ ACCESS ☐ VISA Card expires: ___ / ___
Card number:
NAME . . . . . .
ADDRESS. . . . . .
. . . . . DATE. . . . . .
Please print and use the postcode

DO YOU KNOW YOUR FAMILY HISTORY?

Discovering your family history is fun

Windsor Ancestry Research can discover your personal family history for you promptly, and on very affordable terms.

Send for our free brochure today

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms. _____
(BLOCK CAPITALS please)
Address _____
_____
Post Code
_____

WINDSOR ANCESTRY RESEARCH
(PV/03) FREEPOST 973/1, Ascot, Berks, SL5 7BS

Which UNSPOILT GREEK ISLAND

SKYROS Unspoilt. Remote. Lovely beaches.
ASTYPALEA Spectacular white hill-top town in an azure setting. Totally undiscovered.
LEROS Lovely rolling green hills. Unspoilt. Quiet coves and beaches. An island to explore.
NISSYROS Flowers. Amazing lush vegetation surrounds a still smouldering volcano.
SPETSES Pine clad secluded bays, varied watersports, azure seas, lively nightlife.
TILOS Remote, tranquil, serene beauty.
LIPSI Sandy coves, gentle hills and far from the madding crowds with a very Greek lifestyle.
SKOPELOS Stunning verdant scenery. Good beaches. Traditional. Friendly tavernas, local nightlife.
HALKI Magical, charming, unspoilt. Friendly
ALONISSOS Idyllic harbourside setting. Quiet.
KALYMNOS The Sponge Fishers island. Sheltered sandy bays. Friendly and very Greek.
SYMI Undiscovered, unspoilt, unbelievably beautiful .... for lovers. Traditional island houses.

QUALITY SELF-CATERING VILLAS & APARTMENTS ON THE LESSER KNOWN TRADITIONAL ISLANDS
It's all in our amazingly honest brochure
☎ **062 982 4881** (24hrs) Sunday 10.30 - 5pm
CAA ATOL 1424
LASKARINA Holidays
The Specialist Tour Operators to Greece

Gnome

LORD GNOME is at present skiing in the Bahamas and will not be available for comment until March. However, in his absence he has instructed Mr E. Strobes to issue the following statement:

"Lord Gnome has no intention of resigning over the stories currently appearing in the tabloid press. He sees no conflict whatsoever between his recent personal conduct and his speech at the Conservative Party Conference last year under the title 'Let's string up crooks, poofs and single mothers'. Lord Gnome is a firm believer in the need for individuals to accept responsibility for their own actions. In this case he has decided to accept responsibility for *his* actions, to forgive himself and to forget the whole business. He hopes that will be an end to it.

"He remains committed to the family, both the one with his wife and the one with his mistress Rita Chevrolet and her daughter Gnomella.

"He remains committed to honesty in public life, which is why he admitted the bank robbery to the Prime Minister at once.

"And he remains committed to the value of neighbourliness, which is why he has been sleeping with his bachelor neighbour Mr Julian Sandy for the last five years.

"It is his earnest wish that the media will not attempt to hound him from office for one insignificant and foolish indiscretion — i.e. going along with that drivel the Prime Minister was so keen on."

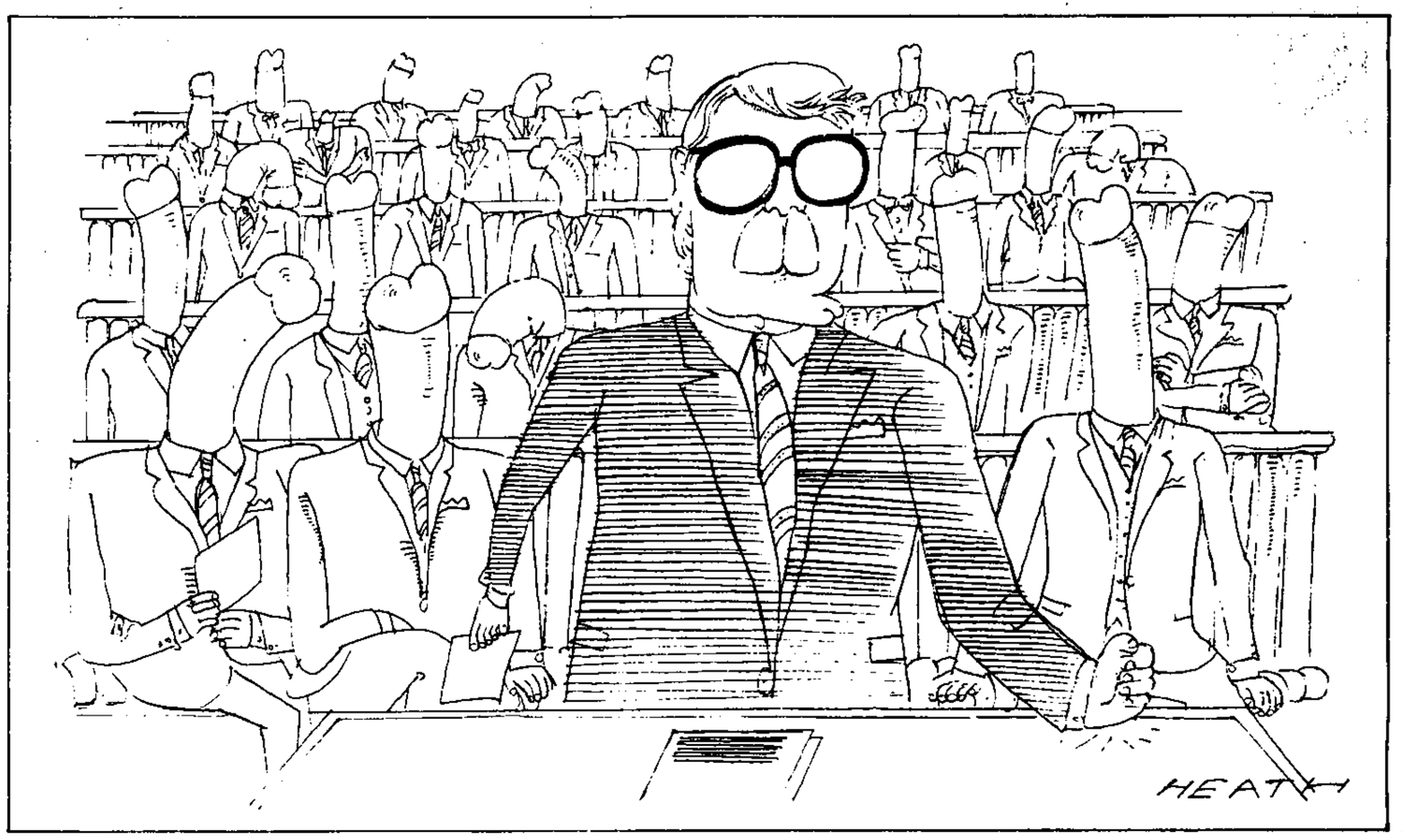
E. Strobes
pp Lord Gnome
Hotel Bastardo
Grand Humbug
The Bahamas

PRIVATE EYE

6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
071-437 4017. Fax: 071-437 0705.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£15 per annum. Europe and Eire £22. Elsewhere: Surface £22, Air £28. Cheques/POs to Private Eye. Access/Visa.
Private Eye Subscriptions
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill,
London SW11 1LE — 071-228 0588.
Fax: 071-924 3719



THE South Suffolk Conservative association seems determined to dump the inept Tim Yeo — but back in March 1983 it was prepared to forgive and forget when it selected him as the MP for its newly-drawn seat. Yeo came to them smelling rather less fragrant than a bunch of roses.

He had acquired a reputation in the City during the 1970s, and the nickname "Yo-Yo", for insider dealing activities involving Talbex and Bonser Engineering. Of course insider dealing was not a criminal offence at the time, although Yeo had to pay back £4,000 to unit holders of a trust managed by his company, Security Selection, in respect of the Bonser Engineering shares.

The matter was reported to the department of trade, which decided to do nothing. But the stock exchange told Yeo he was persona non grata and he had to turn to charity administration instead.

When his insider dealing record was brought to the attention of constituency association officers in 1979, he withdrew from the selection for Airey Neave's Abingdon seat. His business career was again the subject of bitter wrangling among members of the South Suffolk association in 1983, but they decided they liked family-man Yeo more than they liked sitting MP Keith Stainton, who had been through a messy divorce.

At his adoption meeting Yeo publicly thanked his wife Diane for her support, pointing out that she would be his *only* wife — a vicious jibe at Stainton. Yeo's champion was the then association chairman, Stephen Ryder, whose son Richard is now Tory chief whip and who has known about the Yeo love-child for several months.

Meanwhile the press appears to have forgotten the illustrious example of Humphrey Atkins, the dashing Rex Harrison-lookalike who, while chief opposition whip back in the late 1970s, fathered a love-child by his Commons secretary Lulu Freston, which was revealed exclusively in the *Eye*.

He had a stand-up row about this business with his wife Margaret at a party conference, but he chose to stay with her rather than seek a divorce (his wife is the daughter of a wealthy Scots baronet and landowner, Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn).

Atkins made full provision for the child, but certainly did not perform the role of full-time, loving parent. Nonetheless he went on to be president of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, the Tory party's grass-roots representative body, and was created Baron Colnbrook by the ex-Leaderene. Mrs Thatcher was supposedly an even greater champion of family values than her successor has been, but she chose to turn a blind eye to Atkins' minor indiscretion, of which she had been wholly aware.

If anyone wishes to complain about this article's invasion of the privacy of Baron Colnbrook, they should write to the Press Complaints Commission — one of whose members is Baron Colnbrook, previously a member of the three-man PCC appointments commission, which appointed him to the commission proper.

TORY MP Alan Duncan, who felt obliged to resign from a minor government post in the wake of revelations about his acquisition of a neighbour's Westminster council house under the right-to-buy scheme, has been a Major supporter from early on.

He allowed Major's leadership campaign to be organised from his Westminster home, and more recently has spoken up in favour of family values, despite being a confirmed bachelor (see New Boys *passim*).

Nor is Duncan a stranger to basic capitalist instincts. He made his fortune as an oil trader, working for the American Marc Rich who dare not return to the US because he is wanted by the authorities there on charges of tax evasion and racketeering.

Duncan was responsible for coordinating a secret deal on Rich's behalf to supply Brunei oil to South Africa in breach of UN and Commonwealth sanctions. And during the Gulf war Duncan made a killing as an adviser to the Pakistan government by obtaining tankers for the country while its regular supplier, Kuwait, was temporarily indisposed.

He has also done well out of his relationship with the Dutch-based oil trading company Vitol, for whom he is a paid consultant. Last year Vitol won a multimillion pound contract to supply Saudi Arabian crude oil (light or medium) to Zambia, but sent contaminated weathered crude from Kuwait instead. Vitol made a massive profit but now faces a serious investigation because the Zambians borrowed World Bank money to buy the oil.

Not all Duncan's business ventures have been a success. In 1989 one of his companies acquired a subsidiary called Innovisions, a Manchester-based video company. In 1993 Innovisions went bust to the tune of £180,000. Paying creditors on time was a policy urged by former chancellor of the exchequer Norman Lamont, and Duncan even spoke in support of this practice on BBC Radio 2's *Jimmy Young Show*. It is a pity this example was not followed by Innovisions, which was supplied milk by a local dairy farm until the bill, at £140, was ten months overdue.

ONE TORY MP with a robust attitude to "back to basics" family philosophy is Tony Marlow, the outspoken MP for Northampton North.

Marlow has two families: a conventional one which is based in his constituency; and another with his long-serving secretary, Jill Chambers.

In his early years as an MP (he was first elected in 1979), Marlow and Chambers lived at various south London addresses, including the ground floor at 19 Lansdowne Gardens.

Ms Chambers wrote to a friend that she was "suffering from a known disease called 'sitting tenants'. If my tactics for getting rid of them continue to bear no fruit, I shall have to look for a bigger house." The sitting tenants obstinately refused to leave, so Marlow and Chambers moved to another desirable residence at Calais Street. Now the Marlow-Chambers menage has moved to Mathry in north Pembrokeshire.

Marlow was criticised in the mid-1980s for failing to declare income from his tenants. He described this as "a private thing entirely". Now, however, he declares "tenanted accommodation".

Street Of Shame

THE APPOINTMENT of Terry Venables as England manager will be greeted by soccer hacks with the usual gushing enthusiasm — though in some cases the joy may be tempered by apprehension.

Venables has three pending libel actions against various media after last summer's concerted attack on him. The most worried of the soccer hacks must be Harry Harris of the *Daily Mirror*, who made quite a splash with his assaults on Venables.

Harris also provided well-paid assistance to a Channel Four programme on Venables, produced by Diverse Reports. Harris's campaign against Venables reached its climax when the writer took his "dossier" to the Football Association at Lancaster Gate. There, incredibly, sour-faced chief executive Graham Kelly agreed to be photographed accepting it from an ebullient Harris.

The picture was plastered across the back page of the *Daily Mirror* on 21 September under the typically modest headline: WORLD EXCLUSIVE: TEL FACES ONE-YEAR BAN. To the consternation of Harris and the embarrassment of Kelly, Tel faces no ban at all. Not only has he been completely cleared of Harris's "charges" by a prestigious committee of the FA, but he is almost certain to be appointed to the top job in English football.

What worries Harris is that he may not get the same sort of special exclusive treatment to which he is accustomed at, say, Tottenham Hotspur, where he has always been treated with the greatest possible respect and hospitality by chairman Alan Sugar. As for Kelly, he is hoping Tel will forget all about that picture in the *Mirror*. (He may be a little optimistic here.)

PS: Among the many "charges" in Harris's "dossier" is the allegation that Venables may have had something to do with buying Luton Town football club while he was still chief executive at Spurs. He didn't. *Mirror* colleagues have been trying to recall the last football chairman who defied the rules by owning, or controlling through his family, more than one football club. That was Robert Maxwell, who owned Oxford and Derby and even tried to buy Reading as well. Maxwell's fury at interference by the football authorities on these matters was conveyed to readers of the *Daily Mirror* through his favourite sports writer, er, Harry Harris.

GOOD NEWS for bearded socialists, both male and female: this spring sees the launch of an exciting new glossy for them called *Red Pepper*.

It aims to "spice up the left" — and fittingly its genesis has been a dog's breakfast. First came the fortnightly newspaper *socialist*, launched e.e. cummings style in 1991 by a motley gang of sparts and *News on Sunday* refugees.

The tabloid was as small as its circulation, and issues came out monthly, then bi-monthly. By January 1992, the pilot issue of "the new *socialist*" had appeared: a glossy mag by the name of *Red, Green and Radical*. Then, er, nothing.

socialist's admirers will be pleased to learn that their year-long wait has not been in vain. But will *Red Pepper* be any better? Don't hold your breath.

HAVING wrecked what was left of the *Daily Mirror* as a readable newspaper, chief executive David Montgomery is casting his charmless gaze further afield.

Hacks at the less *Independent* by the day cannot be comforted that in the City Rommel is being tipped as the person most likely to take over as the new proprietor.

Further north, meanwhile, he is turning his attention to the only Mirror Group title with a rising circulation: the *Scottish Daily Record*. It has continued to make gains largely because it has not yet been subjected to Montgomery-style management, best summarised by Rommel himself. "The best way to control an unruly horse is to hit it over the head with a plank," he has said.

Montgomery now wants a 25 per cent cut in editorial jobs, but he may find this difficult since the unions are much stronger in Scotland than London. *Record* hacks may also use Montgomery's pledge on the day he took over that he had "not come in to cut editorial jobs". When obstinate hacks refused to believe him, he sent another note including in his pledge the single word "definitely".

Across the water, meanwhile, Montgomery the dour Ulsterman may yet fulfil his ambition to influence events back home. For the last five years he and his longtime — possibly only — friend, David Burnside, have been stalking the Belfast *News Letter*, the voice of traditional unionism.

Following the closure of its worthy Sunday paper, the duo are again considering their options. And a high court judgment in Dublin before Christmas has reopened an even more tempting prospect south of the border, where the ailing Irish Press newspapers need a cash injection before the end of February to stop the papers going into receivership.

Mirror Group had already made its interest known, along with Murdoch's News Corp and the ubiquitous Tony O'Reilly. Just as unionism seems to be going out of fashion, Rommel could end up defending the cause in both Dublin *and* Belfast — although the effect on circulation can only be guessed at.

JUST FANCY THAT

Mr Major's mission was born of a sincere attempt to end more than two decades of bloodshed, waste and misery in Ulster.

Yet it was always fatally flawed.

Mail on Sunday, 2.1.94, p. 28 col. 1.

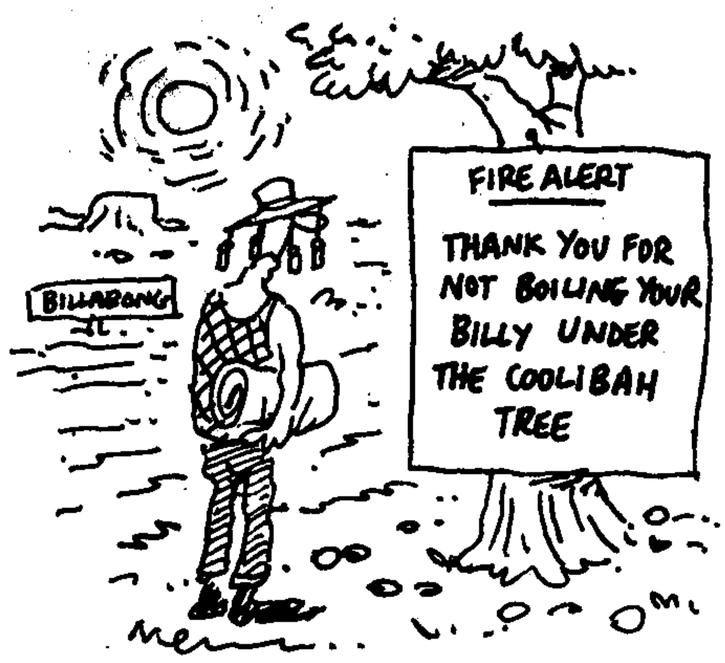
The great advantage of phrases like 'fatally flawed', 'flavour of the month' and 'a level playing field' is in their complete ambiguity.

Mail on Sunday, 2.1.94, p. 28 col. 2.

SURVIVORS of the latest *Daily Mirror* jobs purge can take heart that better days could be just around the corner.

At the editor's Christmas lunch for executives and toadies, David "Dumbo" Banks glumly forecast his early demise due to falling circulation. But intoxicated observers detected little contrition from Banks, who has loyally done his master's bidding.

He said: "Monty will have to give me at least £200,000 to piss off. Not bad for a year's work, is it?"



LAST YEAR, Nick Ferrari, assistant editor of the *Daily Mirror*, presided over an unpleasant regime of terrorising or sacking staff. One of his victims was Hilary Bonner, showbusiness editor.

After a few months of Ferrari's macho posturing, Bonner decided she had had enough and negotiated her way out of the paper to become a freelance. She recently received a phone call from a former colleague on the showbusiness beat, Rod Gilchrist, who now heads Associated Newspapers' satellite broadcasting company, New Era Television.

"There's this guy from the *Mirror* called Nick Ferrari who's applied for a senior job here at New Era," explained Gilchrist. "What can you tell me about him?"

Naturally, Bonner's response was thoughtful and circumspect — so much so that Gilchrist immediately filed the application in his wastepaper bin, leaving the rat to sink with the ship.

HOW THEY ARE RELATED

HAS anything really changed in the arts section of the new-look *Observer*, which in the days of Gillian Widdicombe (aka Mrs Jeremy Isaacs), was known to give off the whiff of nepotism?

Then, film critic Philip French's deputy was his son, Sean — as if there were some mysterious shortage of wannabe film writers in London. Even when not standing in for his father, young Sean could often be found writing arts background features on the same page as his eminent parent.

Now Lucy Tuck has taken over as arts supremo, and a new broom has swept through the section. Or not.

On 2 January readers were treated to French Snr writing on film on page 5, and sparky French Jnr discussing the publishing business on the book pages alongside one Nicci Gerrard, who was writing about the year's forthcoming fiction.

Nicci Gerrard is daughter-in-law and wife, respectively, to the French *père et fils*.

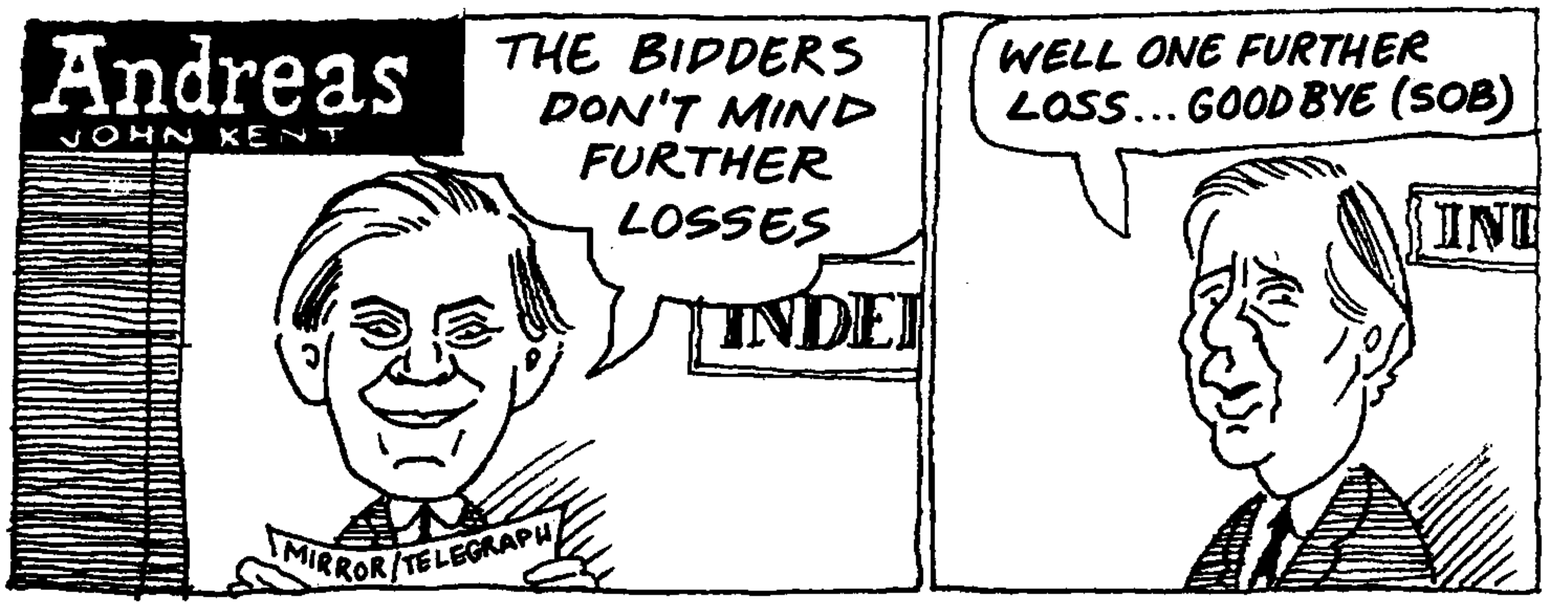
POP EYE

THE proposed flotation of Tring International, purveyors of cheap compact discs, is turning into something of a farce.

The scheduled December stock market launch was halted at the last minute, allegedly on the advice of UBS Global Research on the grounds that the City was far too busy!

By a strange coincidence, Alan Wheatley, the chairman of but a few weeks and the former head of 3i, withdrew from the operation at just the same time. Flotation watchers can expect the exit of four other disaffected executives, headed by A&R manager Paul Savory, any day now.

Meanwhile the number of lawsuits against the company for alleged infringement of copyright continues to rise. Insiders claim the action by Island/Polygram is the one causing founders and co-chief executives, Mark Frey and Philip Robinson, the most headaches as the chances for the re-scheduled flotation for February look slimmer by the day.



HALLO!

The new heartwarming column

HALLO! WITH SO many really unpleasant things being written about him in the press, Tim Yeo, the intensely able MP for South Suffolk, has found out who his true friends are.

None has been more supportive than Sir Nicholas Lloyd, which is particularly refreshing when you consider how busy Sir Nicholas must be editing a campaigning national newspaper like the *Daily Express*.

His leading article on Mr Yeo's resignation was a case in point. Eschewing predictable clichés of the tittle tattle merchants, it took a refreshingly objective line: TALENTED YEO WILL BE BACK, it trumpeted, before revealing: "Ministerial office has not seen the last of Tim Yeo. He is far too talented and personable for political oblivion. He will no doubt spend a suitable time in backbench purgatory before being recalled to frontbench colours."

As Mr Yeo ponders the future, he knows he can still number Sir Nicholas and his luxury wife Eve Pollard among his bosom buddies — and that the old ties of friendship count for more than Fleet Street's poisonous point-scoring.

HALLO! WE ARE invited to one of the famous tea parties given by Lord McKay, the lord chancellor, and he tells us of his delightful new nickname. Colleagues in legal circles apparently now refer to him affectionately as "The Bagpiper".

Like many Scotsmen, the Bagpiper has an unjustified reputation for meanness. It is said, somewhat uncharitably, that rather than invite judges to drinks, Lord McKay prefers tea parties on the grounds that they involve less expense.

On the afternoon we call, a judge is presented with a cup of tea, a scone and a tiny blob of honey. "Ah, Lord Chancellor," says the recipient. "I see you keep a bee."

HALLO! WHEN Glenys Kinnock takes her seat in the European parliament in Strasburg later this year it will be an emotional moment.

No one will feel the emotion more acutely than Glenys's lifelong friend Ann Keen, wife of Alan Keen, the Labour MP for Feltham and Heston.

Ann and Glenys's friendship was cemented just over a year ago when Glenys suggested Ann become the candidate. Ann was delighted at the idea and very pleased by the promise of support from Glenys. But in politics nothing can be left to chance — and when Glenys announced out of the blue that she had decided to run for the seat herself, Ann could only bow out gracefully.

As the delightfully honest Glenys put it: "I simply decided I wanted the seat for myself." She is bound to go far!

GETTING BACK TO BASICS

HALLO! *CONGRATULATIONS to Commodore Alan West of the royal navy, who takes up a new appointment as rear admiral. The promotion will help Alan put the unpleasantness of recent years behind him.*

Back in 1986, the man described as "one of the most outstanding officers of his generation" was in the doldrums after he had a spot of bother with some top secret papers detailing proposed government cuts in submarines and supply vessels.

The papers were so top secret Alan had to carry them around in his pocket. Sadly they fell out of his pocket while he was strolling along the towpath at Sonning — and were picked up by a freelance journalist with an interest in defence intelligence who happened to be walking along the same towpath.

As the tiresome Private Eye predicted, the Falkland hero's severe reprimand would "vanish from his service record in five years' time" — and so it has!

HALLO! IN THESE troubled times, to whom can we turn for guidance on questions of personal morality, adultery and good neighbourliness? Step forward Terry Dicks, Conservative MP for Hayes and Harlington and one of the staunchest supporters of Victorian values.

Mr Dicks was once so concerned about the moral quagmire into which the nation was slipping that as leader of Hillingdon borough council he carried out in-depth personal research into how the other half lives and loves.

This entailed his living in an Eastcote council house and actually having an affair with his nextdoor neighbour's wife, eventually moving into the house to study the ethics further after the woman had bought out her husband's share (the house was privately owned).

Later Dicks was obliged to strike up a relationship with the wife of a fellow Hillingdon Tory councillor and, dedicated fellow that he was, he set up part-time research headquarters in her home, too — after her husband had departed, naturally.

HALLO! *WHO SAYS the honours system is self-serving and a waste of time? Certainly not the Marquesa.*

We were delighted to see the talented Mr Robert Priddle decorated with a CB. This latest Companion of the Order of the Bath was of course the deputy secretary at the department of energy who was so cruelly humiliated when the plan to close 31 pits was announced in October 1992.

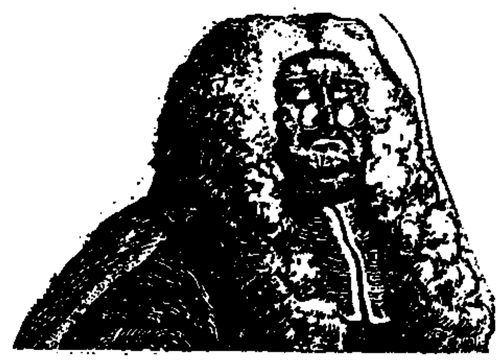
Mr Priddle was ignominiously shunted from energy to consumer affairs, drawing a lot of the flak aimed at ministers like Lord Wakeham and Michael Heseltine. Happily, his loyalty has been rewarded.

HALLO! WE ARE invited into the luxury private kingdom of Saudi Arabia by its wealthy owner, King Faht, and he tells us a cloud is looming on the horizon: a scurrilous new book called *The Rise, Corruption and Coming Fall of the House of Saud* by Said Aburish.

But we are reassured that at least the publisher, Bloomsbury, has seen sense. Aburish acknowledges the help of Edmund O'Sullivan, editor of the *Middle East Economic Digest*, and although O'Sullivan does not deny assisting Aburish, he has demanded that his name be removed and that all proof copies should be recalled from reviewers and Arabic experts.

Bloomsbury is absolutely right to do this, and we hope it will go one step further and ban the entire wretched tome, which is grotesquely unfair to our friends and allies in the Saudi royal family. For as King Faht tells us, there is no limit to the lies written about his country.

The Marquesa



LEGAL NEWS

ONCE the sentence of a mere 180 hours' community service for Roger Levitt's fraudulent activities had been reported, there was uproar in the press. David Cocks QC, who had led for the crown in the case, joined in.

Writing an article in the *Times* about the incompetence of judges to hear fraud cases, he said that "public mistrust of 'carve-ups' in the judge's room still abounds" and he asked: "Has the time come when the prosecution ought to play a greater part in the sentencing process?"

In respect of Levitt's misleading the regulator FIMBRA, Cocks wrote: "It could have been argued forcefully that forgery of that nature directed at a government agency set up to protect investors merited an immediate prison sentence of two to three years. Should the trial judge and the public not have been treated to an informed debate on the topic?" A couple of days later, when asked on BBC1's *Business Breakfast* whether he had been surprised when Levitt had walked free, Cocks replied "yes".

In fact Cocks knew that a plea-bargain had been proffered solely on the basis that the judge would give an indication of a non-custodial sentence. He had, therefore, been part of "a 'carve-up' in the judge's room".

Before the trial started and before the jury was empanelled, the Serious Fraud Office, through Cocks and his juniors, made a plea overture to the Levitt team. In essence they said that if Levitt pleaded guilty to misleading FIMBRA and to misleading some personal investors on the understanding that those false representations were not his direct responsibility and that no-one had lost money as a result, the crown would drop the rest of its charges against him.

This deal was offered twice: on 2 and 9 November. The jury was empanelled and the court rose for a day on 10 November for Levitt to consider his position. He declined the offer and the prosecution opened its case. This was followed by an opening speech by Levitt's QC, Jonathan Goldberg, elements of which caused Cocks to object and to ask the judge to discharge the jury. The judge, however, chose to press on.

On Saturday 20 November newspapers reported the suspended sentence given to Terry Ramsden for frauds amounting to £90 million, and this encouraged Levitt to invite his counsel to make a counter-offer. If he could be certain to receive a non-custodial sentence, he would be prepared to plead guilty to the charge of misleading FIMBRA only.

Counsel then had a meeting with the judge in his chambers on 22 November, at which Cocks told the judge that the crown had reached a deal and that it was not a matter for the judge to consider whether the plea proffered was a proper one or not. Despite his role in all this, Cocks subsequently criticised the trial judge in public, suggesting that the plea adequately represented the extent of Levitt's criminality, but that sentencing had been up to the judge.

John Marshall MP has since asked the attorney-general what plea overtures were made by the crown before Levitt made his offer of a deal. None was made, was the attorney-general's reply, since this was what he had been told, incorrectly, by the SFO. This is especially embarrassing since Cocks heads the barristers' chambers at 5 King's Bench Walk where the solicitor-general Sir Derek Spencer is also a member.

No doubt the Levitt trial result came as a relief to Cocks. Back in February 1993 he accepted a brief from Peter Carter-Fuck & Partners to lead the defence in a grain fraud case against J. Souffle UK Ltd and Southampton Grain Silo Ltd, which was set down for early January 1994 and in fact started this week. His fee for this case is widely rumoured around the Temple to have been £75,000 on the brief.

WHY SHOULD Kenneth Baker be among the first politicians to give evidence to the Scott inquiry as it reopens? Because he signed a "public immunity certificate" to keep government secrets out of a trial.

This was not the famous Matrix Churchill trial, but a less publicised one at Reading crown court (presided over by Judge Spence, a former naval officer) in which most of the defendants were directors of a company called Ordtech.

As reported in the *Eye*, the defendants, who were charged with illegally exporting arms to Iraq, sought to call evidence that they were doing so with the full knowledge and consent of the government and MI5. Baker, who was home secretary at the time, signed the certificate to suppress any information about MI5's role in the affair.

Another certificate was signed in the case by Peter Lilley, then secretary for trade and industry. When the defendants threatened to challenge the certificates there was a rush of "plea bargaining". The pleas of not guilty were changed to guilty in exchange for non-custodial sentences. After a lot of hooey from the judge about their patriotism, the businessmen were fined derisory sums.

Poor Ken Baker is not promised an easy ride. Scott is said to be "very angry" about the certificates in the Ordtech case, which were every bit as unjustified as those at Matrix Churchill and which resulted in criminal convictions and criminal records.

PS: One of the happiest to leave court that day was Colin Phillips, a shipper from Portsmouth, who had seized the chance to ship a sixth batch of artillery fuses to Iraq via the Saudi port of Yambo.

Phillips and others in the business had been irritated by the dominance of the arms shipping market by Redcliffe International (Shipping) Ltd, based at Somercotes, Derbyshire. Redcliffe had a complete monopoly of shipping all arms to the Middle East. It derived its monopoly from the days when one John Apted was an influential figure at IMS, a firm wholly owned by the ministry of defence which controlled all arms exports. Phillips was delighted when Redcliffe decided the Ordtech fuses-for-Iraq consignment was too hot to handle and refused to carry the last sixth of it. He stepped in eagerly for the sixth container only to find himself prosecuted by HM customs.

An important point which the *Eye* passes on to Mr Muttukamaru, the secretary to Lord Justice Scott's inquiry and a keen *Eye* reader, is that the records of all the arms shipments to Iraq via Jordan and Saudi Arabia are still to be found at the Redcliffe offices. If Mr Muttukamaru hasn't been to Somercotes already, he would find a trip there very much to his advantage.

Yeo appeals to grass roots

WHAT IS the truth about the strange story of Lord Trefgarne, the former trade minister, who, as reported in the last *Eye*, was expected to be the last-but-one politician to give evidence to the Scott inquiry?

Before Christmas a spokesman for the inquiry told the *Eye* in unequivocal terms that Trefgarne was expected to give evidence in March. On 5 January, however, a few days after the *Eye* published this news, the following report appeared in the *Financial Times*: "Lord Justice Scott is understood to be particularly concerned by the attitude towards the inquiry of Lord Trefgarne... who has not replied to two separate questionnaires sent to him in September and November."

This was written by Jimmy Burns, who, as the *Eye* has noted, is lost in admiration for Lord Justice Scott. The reason Burns got the much-coveted assignment to cover Scott is that he has a family connection with the judge and a direct line to him. The revelation from Burns that the judge "is understood" to be angry with Trefgarne was of considerable significance.

But the report caused a bit of a flurry at the inquiry. And the very next day the *FT* published a letter from Christopher Muttukumaru, the inquiry secretary, insisting that "all serving ministers and former ministers have thus far cooperated fully". As for Trefgarne, he wrote: "I have been informed by his solicitors that he is considering with them whether to provide written and/or verbal evidence."

On Sunday 10 January Trefgarne got a slap on the back from *Mail on Sunday* columnist John Junor, who hates the Scott inquiry because it is getting up so many ministers' noses. Junor urged Trefgarne to tell his lordship to take a running jump. As the *Eye* goes to press, Trefgarne has still not made up his mind. If he refuses to appear a gaping hole would open up in the oral evidence: no one knew more about arms to Iraq from the vantage point of three separate government ministries (foreign office, defence and trade) than the noble lord.

THE attempts of Bernie Grant MP to deny that he ever proposed a "repatriation" scheme for black people look more and more absurd.

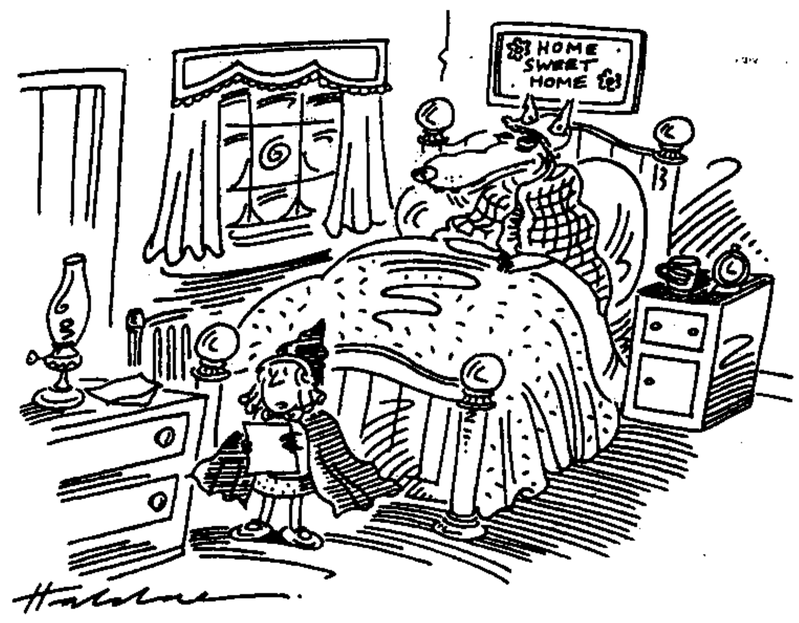
First there was the tape-recording which showed how prone to amnesia Bernie is. Then over new year Bernie went to Barbados to deliver a lecture at the Queen's Park Steel Shed. The Barbadian *Sunday Advocate* of 2 January gave Bernie plenty of coverage, saying his lecture would deal with a "scheme for the voluntary repatriation of black people to their ancestral homeland".

The introductory remarks to the lecture were given by Dr Ashton Gibson. Ten years ago when Dr Gibson lived in Hackney, a furious storm greeted his proposal for the establishment of a scheme to "repatriate" black people.

Dr Gibson set up an organisation in Hackney to help black people, and it received public funds of almost half a million pounds a year. After revelations of incompetence and gross negligence it was closed down. Dr Gibson was then put on trial for fraud but was acquitted of all charges. At one time he bought premises in Barbados called The White House with public funds, which he said would be used to give holidays to elderly West Indians from Hackney. In fact the House was mostly used as a hotel for white Canadians. It has since been repossessed and closed down.

According to the *Sunday Advocate*, Bernie has been a leading figure for three years of an organisation called the African Reparations Movement. He is associated with a "Group of Eminent Persons" which includes Chief Abiola of Nigeria, Professor Ali Mazrui of Kenya and Ronald Dellum, a US congressman.

Barbadians have long since ceased to take any notice of Dr Gibson. So they expect nothing to come from Bernie's ludicrous campaign for reparations for damage inflicted on them by slavery and colonialism.



"Grandma, what large heating bills you've got"

BOUNDARY changes in Roy Hattersley's Birmingham Sparkbrook constituency have sent the tub of lard's supporters into frenzied activity.

The changes give Birmingham one less safe Labour seat — and leave Sparkbrook amalgamated with the neighbouring Small Heath ward, haunt of the notorious Roger Godsiff MP.

Readers will recall Godsiff as the London-based GMB union official who beat three local councillors to be selected for Small Heath thanks to a sudden surge in union affiliations from... the GMB and the (closely allied) electricians.

Using similar, totally legitimate recruitment methods Godsiff has built the membership of Small Heath ward to around 1,500 — enough to swamp all the other members in Sparkbrook — and guarantee his reselection over Fattersley.

THIS MONTH sees the formal establishment of the Personal Investment Agency (PIA), a new quango with the hopeless task of supervising the financial services industry.

The PIA replaces discredited regulators Fimbra and Lautro, and its chief executive is one Colette Bowe. She says, not unreasonably, that "people should be getting really good financial advice and feel confident about their advisers."

Bowe knows all about giving quality advice, for she was Sir Leon Brittan's adviser at the department of trade during all that unfortunate business over whether the Westland helicopter manufacturer should be sold to an American or European company.

It resulted in the leaking of advice from the attorney-general and the resignation of both her boss and Michael Heseltine. Potential investors can be assured that Bowe will safeguard their interests with the same zeal she brought to Sir Leon's affairs.

ONE OF the many "basics" John Major seems to have forgotten is his own former hostility to huge pay increases for company directors.

Only a year ago he was denouncing exorbitant increases in the House of Commons and outside... but not any more, it seems.

Margaret Beckett, Labour's deputy leader, recently asked him about Peter Wood, chief executive of Direct Line insurance, whose £50 million bonus to buy him out of his contract caused some anxiety — especially among public service workers who are pinned by government policy to 1.5 per cent wage increases.

When Mrs Beckett asked the prime minister to denounce Wood's ridiculous pay increase, he astonishingly refused to do so.

His reluctance has nothing whatever to do with the fact that Direct Line is a subsidiary of the Royal Bank of Scotland, which runs special credit cards for Tory party members and tolerates a fantastic £19 million overdraft run up by its most bankrupt but prestigious client: er, the Conservative party.

'Backbiter'

The surnames Hayward and Howard are corruptions of Hogwarden, an officer elected annually to see that the swine in the common forest pastures or *dens* were duly provided with rings, and were prevented from straying.

"Words and Places" — Isaac Taylor (Richard Clay, 1873 Edition)

NOOKS and CORNERS

AS THIS issue is the first since Hogmanay, I turn my attention to events in north Britain, where civil war has broken out between Edinburgh and Glasgow.

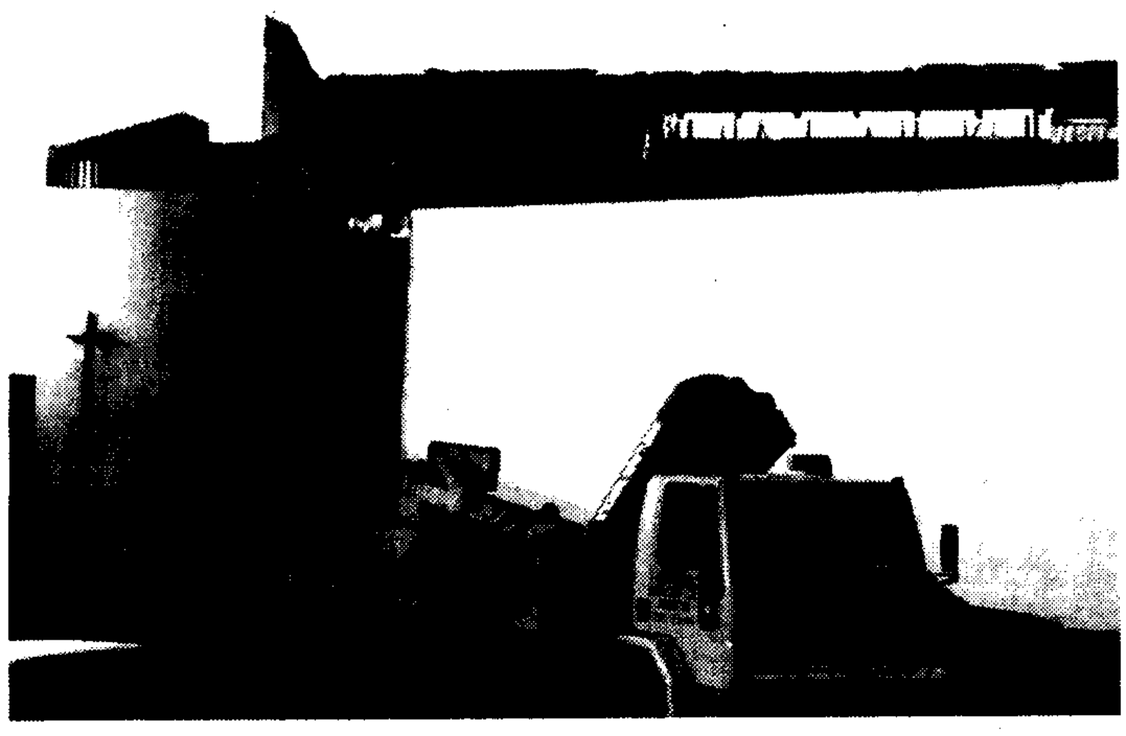
The *casus belli* is the siting of the proposed National Gallery of Scottish Art which, after much prevarication, the trustees of the National Galleries of Scotland announced on St Andrew's day was to be in Glasgow.

This decision has caused much wailing and gnashing of teeth in the complacent salons of Auld Reekie, especially once it was realised that this means that most of Edinburgh's finest Scottish paintings will be removed to the hated vulgar and common "city of culture" in the west (see *Rotten Boroughs*).

This is not my concern; nor is the argument that the very idea of a gallery devoted to Scottish art separate from the European mainstream marginalises and provincialises it; nor the scandal that the fate of the cultural patrimony of Scotland can be casually decided by a bunch of unelected would-be grandees.

The architectural implications of this decision do concern me, however. In *Eye* 827, I complained of how Glasgow felt it necessary to wheel in fashionable London architects to secure the Gallery of Scottish Art. That the trustees have now not just chosen Glasgow but specified a site in Kelvingrove Park is proof that, for some of them, the sun only shines from the fundament of Sir Norman Foster. So much for Scottish architecture. So much, also, for hopes of reviving the lapsed regeneration of the "Merchant City" in Glasgow which the choice of the old Sheriff Court building as the gallery would have encouraged.

But the principal architectural scandal in this affair lies in



Edinburgh in the shabby treatment of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. For the trustees propose to evacuate the building in Queen Street and pack the portrait and photography collections off to Glasgow. Do they not know or care that it was a gift to the Scottish nation, paid for by John Ritchie Findlay, proprietor of the *Scotsman* newspaper, in 1882? Do they not realise that this is one of only four national portrait galleries in the world (the others being in London, Dublin and Washington, DC)? And do they not appreciate that the building they are proposing to abandon is a most distinguished one, expressly designed for a high cultural and national purpose?

The Scottish National Portrait Gallery was designed by Sir Robert Rowand Anderson, "premier architect of Scotland", and is one of the finest Gothic Revival buildings in the country. The great central hall boasts a mural of the battle of Bannockburn by William Hole for, in the 1890s, the SNPG was embellished with sculpture and murals illustrating the history and heroes of Scotland.

When the Museum of Scotland moves into its new building in Chambers Street in a few years' time, the portrait gallery can at last occupy the whole of Rowand Anderson's Gothic palace. Yet the trustees could cheerfully propose that this great national monument be sold off as mere commercial offices. Some might call that sacrilege...

To say all this is not to back Edinburgh's dubious claims in the civil war, for the SNPG would have faced the chop even if Edinburgh had been chosen for the putative Gallery of Scottish Art. It is merely to defend fine architecture from barbarians: the usual story.

AT LEAST the SNPG still stands, for my picture is a sad one. It shows a building in Glasgow following the fire which gutted it on the night of 19 December. This was the Roman Catholic church of St Joseph in Faifley, Clydebank, designed in 1964 by the architects Gillespie Kidd & Coia.

This Glasgow firm was responsible for some of the most dramatic and extraordinary modern buildings in Scotland. Unfortunately, they also tended to leak, to the annoyance of their owners. St Joseph's had a dramatic timber roof: this burned fiercely in the fire, which "appeared to have started on the ground floor of the building near a vestibule and offices". The following morning all that was left was a gutted shell. No attempt was made to restore or re-roof this; instead, the archdiocese acted swiftly and a demolition gang was on site the day after the fire, so now there is nothing left of the church.

Readers may recall the sad case of St Benedict, Drumchapel, another problematic Gillespie Kidd & Coia church (Eye 822).

This was suddenly demolished by the archdiocese of Glasgow over the St Patrick's day weekend in 1991 just before it was to be listed as a building of architectural or historical interest by the secretary of state for Scotland. And when Historic Scotland prepared a list of Gillespie Kidd & Coia buildings suitable for listing, the archdiocese petitioned Glasgow district council to oppose the recommendations.

But it would be wrong to compare these two cases as the circumstances are entirely different: St Joseph's, Faifley, was the victim of a tragic accident. RIP.

'Piloti'

Pseuds Corner

People may have bought *Foucault's Pendulum* **by Umberto Eco with no intention of reading it but it was still a book in the sense that its nominal purpose was to be read.** *Foucault/Blanchot* **was something else: the truth is that the last thing you would do with this book — which was given in order to sustain me through an eight-hour flight — would be to read it. To have read it would have been violated its essence. It was, if you like, pure signifier: an almost textless text whose meaning was inscribed in its virtual textlessness.**

GEOFF DYER
Observer

In Roy Fuller's later works, existence offers, say, a fox's turd: very well, that's the *donnée*. And even a turd is more wonderful than anything that can be said about it.

HERBERT LOMAS
London Magazine

A typical New Age Radio gig might start with the audience quietly lying on the floor. A drone tuned to the Earth's gravity develops as they improvise in various modes and scales (some of a mystical nature). They play instruments as diverse as bamboo balinese marimbas, celtic harps, didgeridoos, sitar and their own home-built star drums. Ethnic and modern dance rhythms emerge creating an atmosphere of tribal celebration. Whilst exploring ancient music, they remain at the forefront of technology with their use of fractal music and video projections.

NEW AGE RADIO
Press Release

"My tastes have always been austere. I prefer to be slightly cold, slightly hungry, to spend less on myself than I could, more on others than I should. I don't think of myself as a masochist, even when I rise in the early morning dark to run my blue body through a mile of frost. Such habits and a contemplative nature have not fitted me for a world that knows neither restraint nor passion. The fatal combination of indulgence without feeling disgusts me. It is so easy to be a brute and yet it has become rather fashionable..."

... This is the nature of our sex: She takes a word, straps it on, penetrates me hard. The word inside me I become it. The word slots my belly, my belly swells the word. New meanings expand from my thighs.

There is no such thing as autobiography. There's only art and lies.

Blurb for 'Art & Lies'
by Jeanette Winterson
Cape Spring and Summer Catalogue

Lower Shaw Farm will hold a 'Women in Winter' weekend from December 3-5. There will be the opportunity for women to get together and reflect on the positive aspects of darkness, feminine mythology and creativity. There will also be the chance to talk, walk, tell stories, write poetry, dance, sing and paint.

Swindon Evening Advertiser

CONTRIBUTORS: N.O'Sullivan, James Wood, M.Harland, G.C.M. Young, Everyone

£10 paid for entries

TV

Family Watch
The Family Show
(BBC1)

THE United Nations — with the kind of quirky comic instincts that have characterised its history — has declared 1994 to be the international year of the family.

But, sadly, as early as 2 January, there was evidence of how easily the young are influenced; of how "peer group pressure" can lead young males to dare each other to outdo the worst of the other's behaviour.

When Alan Yentob heard the words "international year of the family", he knew what to do: turn it in to a "themed strand" of "family programmes" on BBC1. Now, his young sidekick, Michael Jackson, whom Yentob first taught to freebase themes, will be crazy for a fix of his own. With the UN year gone, what possible theme is left? Jackson has reportedly been seen consulting the Chinese calender. Stand by for "Monkey Week", "Dragon Night".

Yentob's themed family season began with **Family Watch**. You just hoped that the BBC *was* following the UN agenda, rather than the Major government's, although it was hard to be sure.

Intriguingly, the BBC had applied to the show — presumably as a thematic touch — the rule from court cases involving children: that the participants are not identified. *Radio Times* mentioned no presenters for the show, and neither did the morning papers. The court-reporting rules turned out to be sensible, because the hosts, as it transpired, were Robert Kilroy-Silk and a dizzy giggler called Carol, for whose performance on the screen the only possible explanation is that — in another thematic idea — she had been directed to pretend to be a toddler.

The BBC had placed hidden cameras in the homes of two northern families in the run-up to Christmas. Carol then analyzed the videos with Professor Cary Cooper, who is to tuppenny psychology on television what Norman St John Stevas is to tuppenny constitutional law.

The Birches, who had sensibly stopped talking in order to eat, were displaying "non-verbal forms of communication". The Dawsons, who had stopped eating and started talking, were "inter-acting... talking to each other across the generations."

But Cary had a caveat. "Women do it all! They're the managing directors of Christmas!" announced the prof over pictures of the yule prelude of the Birch family. Men needed to be trained, he felt, to "co-manage Christmas". It was a matter of fathers providing "role models."

Carol, who had worn an eerie fixed smile during the professorial discourse, swung round to camera and simpered: "Role models! Heard enough about them!" given that the "role model" thing is nine-tenths of the professor's shtick, this was a piece of bravura rudeness, though probably unintentional, few of Carol's effects looking obviously planned.

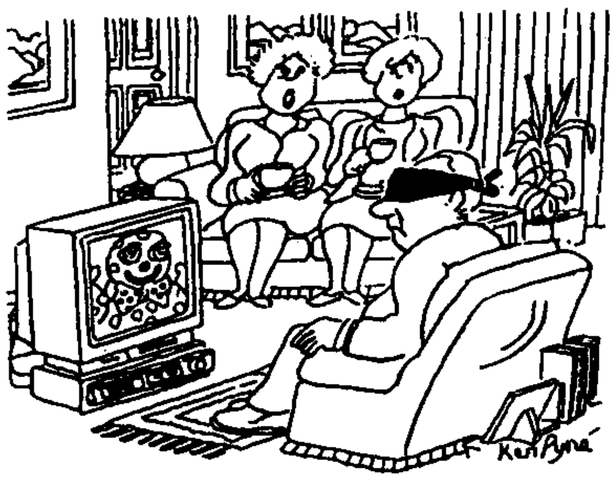
In the Dawson's living room, Kilroy-Silk was interviewing family members. Asked about his relationship with his old dad, Howard replied: "Dad's 82. There is a generation gap. But he is a father-figure."

This reply was probably the low-point of the cult of "ordinary people" talking on television. Perhaps Howard — or Kilroy-Silk — would like to show us a father-son relationship in which there is no "generation gap" and to reflect on whether Howard's dad is not, perhaps, simply a father rather than a father-figure.

Two days later, **The Family Show** was so bad as to make *Family Watch* seem like the "good-old days", the family television equivalent of the 1950s.

Many years ago, the BBC made a disastrous series — one of the few ever cancelled in mid-run — called *Sin On Saturday*. Taking one of the seven deadly sins each week — an early example of "theming" — the programme attempted to combine comedy, music, studio discussion and audience shout-in. One of the reasons it failed so horribly was that the po-faced guests spent their time denigrating the lighter elements, so that the Salvation Army major would sit their shaking his head about the alternative comedienne in the previous segment.

Yet, bizarrely, the BBC copied the *Sin On Saturday* format for *The Family Show*, co-hosted by Nick Ross and Jill Dando. Ruby Wax would do a stand-up about the inanity of family advice, at which point Nick would ask some sucked-lemon face in the audience what her role in family matters was.



"He's decided he's been watching too much telly lately"

"We produce the kind of leaflets Ruby seems to find so funny," the sucked-lemon face would growl. Then Nick would wander out in to the audience, shouting: "Anyone here think the family is in crisis?"

Empty at an intellectual level, the show was most truly shocking on a technical level. Most of the wide-shots showed one or even two other cameras. Twice, the audience could read Ross's autocue word for word, reflected behind him. There was wobble-shot and wrong-shot. It was technically the worst live BBC show Square Eyes has seen. Ironically, every other pundit on the show was talking, in another context, about "falling standards".

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

BBC STAFF have had a jolly new year message from Margaret Salmon, director of personnel, in the form of a memo announcing new "Guidelines on Recoverable Expenditure".

The purpose of the guidelines, she explains, is to "clarify the Inland Revenue regulations which apply to expenses" and "remove some allowances which are no longer appropriate".

This latter category, to be abolished from 1 April, includes the Soft Sole Shoe Allowance (which enables staff to walk quietly across studio floors during recordings) as well as luncheon vouchers. (Presumably it is no longer "appropriate" for BBC employees to eat anything.) In future, there will be strict controls to ensure that only "necessary" expenses are recoverable.

One trusts Ms Salmon has mentioned this to her boss, John Birt. As we learned last year, he has a rather more generous definition of "necessary" and "legitimate" expenses, offsetting against tax not only the cost of his baggy suits but also the cost of his delightful wife, Jane.

MUSIC & MUSICIANS

SINCE the notorious December meeting of the Arts Council, top names at Great Peter Street are already changing.

First to go was music director Ken Baird. His resignation was supposed to be a secret until the new year, but it got out owing perhaps to his being mooted as a successor to Anthony Lewis Crosby, the present supremo at the Barbican, who is leaving for the top job at the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra.

This would tie in well with Baird's connections with the London Symphony Orchestra, the Barbican's resident orchestra, and supposedly the only orchestra in London, pre-Hoffman report, to qualify for "super-orchestra" status.

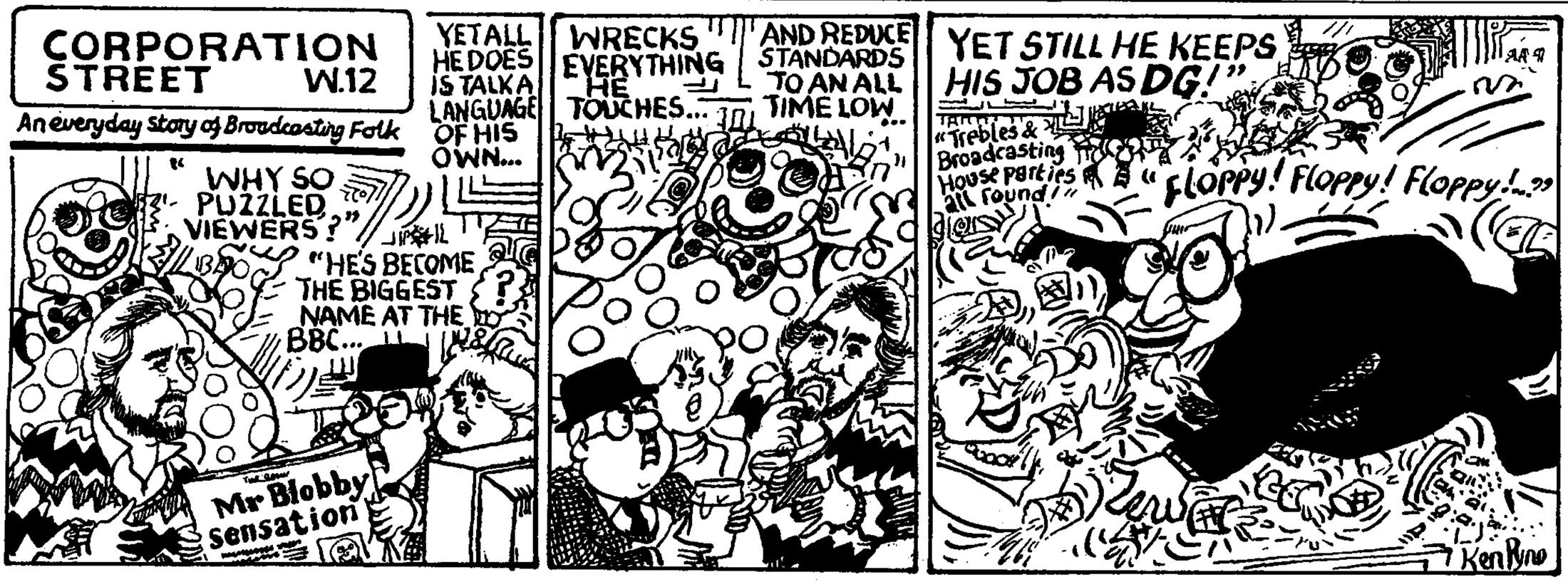
The next major change was the appointment of a new and still unpaid chairman of the Arts Council, the former arts minister Lord Gowrie, who resigned from the government because he could not afford to live on £33,000 salary. Rumour has it that he attached only one condition to his acceptance: that the secretary-general, poor hapless Anthony Everitt, the chief architect of the Arts Council's *annus horribilis* in 1993, be sacked.

Meanwhile at the South Bank Centre, Nicholas Snowman, apparently safe for the time being, has been congratulating his 680 members of staff on the Arts Council's vote of confidence in the centre and their resident orchestra, the London Philharmonic.

He has clearly chosen to forget Sir Leonard Hoffman's report, which was rather less inclined to praise. However, Snowman went on the offensive against critics in the press by investing taxpayers' money in a 42-page writ against a national daily — before being compelled to drop the action and admit that everything printed was true.

6.0 STAR TREK. Never shown on TV before — the infamous kiss between Kirk and Uhura (rpt). (T) *724174*.

Daily Express


CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
YET ALL HE DOES IS TALK A LANGUAGE OF HIS OWN...
" WHY SO PUZZLED VIEWERS?"
"HE'S BECOME THE BIGGEST NAME AT THE BBC...
Mr Blobby sensation
WRECKS EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES...
AND REDUCE STANDARDS TO AN ALL TIME LOW...
YET STILL HE KEEPS HIS JOB AS DG!"
"Trebles & Broadcasting House parties all round!"
" FLOPPY! FLOPPY! FLOPPY!..."
Ken Pyne

HACKWATCH

Minette Marrin

ANY YOUNG woman who is ambitious to get on in journalism should follow these simple instructions. Write an article about how ghastly women are. Post it off to Charles Moore, editor of the *Sunday Torygraph*. Soon afterwards, he will offer you a regular column.

Moore cannot get enough of articles attacking the women's movement — or, better still, putting down the whole of womankind. It would be hard for male columnists to get away with it, so the trick is to recruit hackettes to do the job.

Mary Kenny, the grandmammy of them all, is still penning her anti-feminist homilies in the *Sunday Torygraph*'s review section every week. One Lynette Burrows regularly pops up on the feature pages, scolding women who get ideas above their station. But the new star of the show is Minette Marrin, a rich, right-wing housewife and failed novelist. (Her husband, a banker, rejoices in the name of Ian Hislop.) Here are the highlights:

16 May: Raine Spencer's wedding to a French count is, according to Marrin, proof that feminism doesn't work. "Hers [Raine's] is not a success that could have been achieved by wearing dungarees, no make-up and telling it like it is. Perhaps despising charm and chic, and insisting on confrontation, is something the sisterhood is coming to regret." Of course: Andrea Dworkin must be kicking herself on discovering that, if only she wore pretty frocks and tons of mascara, she too could have married the Comte de Chambrun.

23 May: "To my astonishment we now have a support group in London for mistresses of married men. This is not an activity in which women should be supported at all..."

30 May Time for another put-down of the fairer sex. "One can't help being tired of hearing about Rebecca Stephens climbing Everest. The depressing truth, all too often, is that no matter how able they are, women only get to the top of anything when it is no longer worth achieving."

6 June: Marrin is shocked to read about one Jenny Warman, an unmarried, unemployed woman who has had eight children by two different men. "What you expect, or what you used to expect, is that a woman should have more shame. It is because we have lost nearly all sense of shame that a woman can behave in such a monstrous way... As recently as my childhood, a woman was disgraced by having an illegitimate child that she could not support."

27 June: "Everybody needs a fashionable excuse to explain why he or she hasn't done better in life," Marrin sneers. "The excuse currently leaping into high profile is testosterone... women can now explain their lack of success not by their lack of brains but by their lack of testosterone." She, on the other hand, continues to attribute it to their witlessness.

11 July: "Those of us who do not support the Labour party can only be glad that they have scored yet another own goal. I mean their new proposals to double the number of female Labour MPs..." Whereas it used to be thought that there was no real difference between the brains of men and women, she observes, a new book by the neurologist Simon Levay shows that women have a smaller hypothalamus than men. Therefore, in her view, women shouldn't bother their pretty little heads with such difficult matters as politics: they simply aren't up to it. "It is really no longer possible to dismiss all this evidence with accusatory shrieks about biological determinism," she concludes triumphantly, "and it is no longer possible to believe in positive discrimination."

18 July: The neurologist Simon Levay pops up again, this time claiming that there is a "gay gene". Marrin approves of the theory, not least because it also chimes in with her obsessive need to prove that women ought to accept their mental inferiority to men. "The way we are is biologically determined — or more so than we had imagined," she explains.

25 July: Today's column is a hymn of praise to White's, "the only club in London that has never admitted women". "I have always admired White's for sticking to its guns," she announces. "How solid are the portraits on the walls — all men. And how opulent are the magisterial four-square wooden thrones, which look like seats of justice but actually are the lavatories... And how restful it must be to know that never will the manly calm by interrupted by the trouble and strife — or, if not the wife, then the mistress, the ex, or the tart."

15 August: "I was rather startled to read last week about the delinquent youths who are currently enjoying adventure holidays with social workers." She has a brainwave: why not send them instead to compulsory Pony Club camps? When she was a gel, she informs us, the Pony Club drilled into her the virtues of "self-discipline, hard work, challenge and responsibility".

22 August: "It is now well known that testosterone is responsible for almost everything that is wrong in the world; almost any schoolchild will tell you so..." And off she goes again, apparently forgetting that she has already done this one a couple of months ago.

3 October: Marrin is indignant on behalf of Angus Diggle, convicted of rape for drunkenly groping a woman after a party. Women, in Marrin's view, often say no when they mean yes. "'*Vorrei e non vorrei*' as Zerlina sings in *Don Giovanni*, as she is being seduced — 'I would like to and I wouldn't' — and everybody is aware of this, whatever hard-line feminists may say."

10 October: "I became very angry when I heard last week that a very correct female member of the glitterati had been denouncing me contemptuously as Right-wing." It is hard to see why: as Marrin cheerfully admits, she is indeed, "when one comes Right down to it, Rather Right-Wing".

31 October: A letter-writer in the *Daily Telegraph* has suggested that women making boring companions at dinner-parties. "Naturally he has been furiously denounced. But he was only saying something that a great many people, men and women, actually think." Including, it seems, Minette Marrin: "I have always felt that one of the booby prizes of being a woman was that one sat next to men at dinner parties — because the chances are, things being what they are, that men will be more entertaining. This is now an impermissible thought."

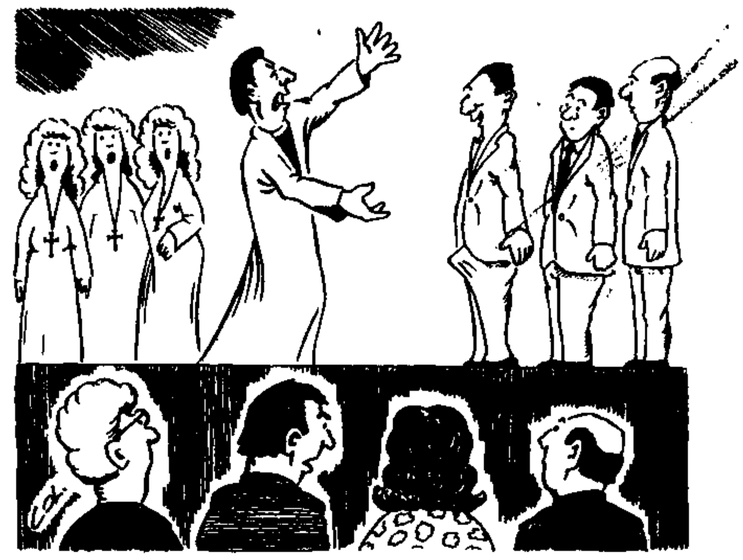
7 November: The rate of suicide among young men has gone up over the past decade, and Marrin is in no doubt who's to blame: her own sex. "There is something rather tragic about the conflicting demands that women, especially educated women, place upon men... This might be misandry, as I've often thought, or it might simply be women's inhumanity to man."

14 November: "I have some constructive thoughts about delinquents." Instead of being taken on "adventure holidays", they should be given "something self-disciplined and demanding to do... I recommend long compulsory periods in Pony Club camp." Er, haven't we heard this somewhere before?

21 November: A blast at Naomi Wolf, the good-looking feminist whose book *The Beauty Myth* was a best-seller. "Naomi Wolf's books fail to inspire me, and if she were plain, I doubt we would have heard much of her." (The same, one suspects, is true of the gorgeous pouting Marrin.) Since the world is full of women, "something extra is needed to make any one of them stand out, and if it is not luck, it might as well be looks. Whatever they say, most women really understand this..."

5 December: Yet another attack on feminism, for having encouraged women to go out to work. "Feminism simply didn't anticipate the long-term problems of child-care," she argues. "The price of a woman's career is the neglect of her children."

2 January: Back from her Christmas break, Marrin is in self-pitying mood. "Most professional women will have spent much of the holiday doing work that self-respecting upper servants of the bad old days would not have touched." Such as? "Producing, eating and clearing up several meals a day, delivering presents, answering the door, answering the telephone..." Poor little diddums. She concludes: "The truth is that the professional classes these days have to struggle to keep up professional standards, while actually leading working-class lives." Except, perhaps, that most working-class people are not paid a vast salary for whingeing in print once a week.



"None of the others will touch impotence"

CHESS NEWS

LAST YEAR the *Eye* was sent a letter by solicitors acting for Times Newspapers, demanding an apology and correction for our "grossly misleading" coverage of *The Times*'s involvement in the unofficial world chess championship between Nigel "Nosher" Short and Garry "Gazza" Kasparov. We declined to oblige, telling them instead to fuck off.

It now turns out that *The Times*'s behaviour was even more dubious than we suggested at the time. The new information comes from *The Inner Game*, an account of the Kasparov-Short extravaganza written by Dominic Lawson, Nosher's best friend.

The most startling revelation is that *The Times* — which, as sponsor, was supposed to be impartial between the two players — got into such a panic at Short's dismal performance in the first few games that it secretly offered "to pay for any grandmaster in the world to be flown to London to help him recover from his four-game deficit".

The newspaper's motive was simple: the match's one-sidedness "was endangering their flow of revenues from ticket sales and television rights". As Lawson observes: "What Kasparov would have thought, let alone said, had he discovered that the organisers of the match were prepared financially to back one of the participants against the other — him — defies exact prediction. It would certainly have been a spectacular Azerbaizhani outburst."

Lawson also discloses that *The Times* deliberately misled its readers by publishing what it claimed were "exclusive" post-match analyses by the two contenders. Kasparov did indeed provide the paper with detailed post-mortems. "Nigel Short, however, never once bothered to speak to the *Times* man about the games the day after they were played. Instead he would delegate one of his seconds, usually Jon Speelman, to give the newspaper some analysis to satisfy its readers, and it was this which would duly appear, masquerading as the unintermediated voice of Nigel Short."

To add insult to injury, Lawson adds that, in spite of *The Times*'s boast about its "unparalleled" coverage, Short himself gave up reading the paper before the match started. It will be interesting to see whether Lawson and Short now receive a solicitor's letter from Wapping.

NOTICE BORES

ME AND MAMIE O'ROURKE (Strand)

by Mary Agnes Donoghue

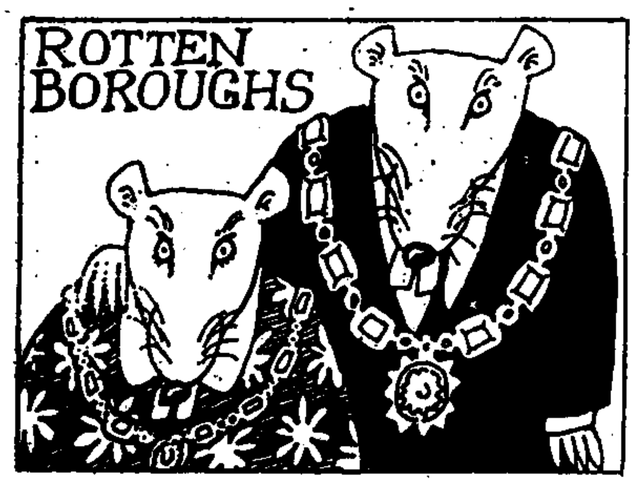
— V —

WILDEST DREAMS (The Pit)

by Alan Ayckbourn

"After Ayckbourn's histrionic drivel on Tuesday, *Me and Mamie O'Rourke* rings true and comic."
Nicholas de Jongh, Evening Standard

"... where Ayckbourn's play has a rich, dark humour, Donoghue's has the manipulative blandness of an American buddy-movie."
Michael Billington, Guardian



GLASGOW

WHO is going to pay for Glasgow's £30 million national gallery of Scottish art? As the city's Labour leader Jean McFadden admitted in a television interview, she "didn't know where the money was going to come from".

McFadden's erstwhile comrades in Edinburgh, which also wanted the gallery, were more direct. Labour leader Lesley Hinds said: "There is a great deal of bad feeling that *there's no European money as suggested by Glasgow.*"

If these rumours are near the mark, it seems Glasgow's politicos forgot to tell the Scottish Galleries Trust that grand plans without money are of no use. And quite apart from the money problems, tentative plans to locate the gallery in Kelvingrove Park have angered many. Locals say the once beautiful grounds are now an eyesore — thanks to the council's lack of care and maintenance — but should remain within the public domain.

McFadden and her cohorts are banking on £15 million arriving via a European/Strathclyde integrated development operation committee based in Glasgow. Should they succeed, there are no prizes for guessing who will have to find the balance.

In Edinburgh, meanwhile, still smarting from its failure, revenge would appear to have been taken on the council's chief executive, Paul Lowenburg. Councillors have gone to great lengths — ie spent £150,000 of taxpayers' money — to oust Lowenburg from his £76,000 a year job. Although they won't explain exactly why they have go rid of him, the gallery decision cannot have helped.

SOUTHWARK

SOUTHWARK, twinned with completely Barking, has found a neat way to shed privatisation-threatened staff in its benefits and revenue section.

Council officers set 280 employees "personality" tests — 462 questions that aim to delve into the complex psyche of the average Southwark council worker.

Questions included such gems as: "True or false: some of my family have quick tempers... I sweat easily on cold days... I become irritated when I see someone spit on the pavement" and "I like Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland".

Nineteen of those deemed to have failed to give the correct answers were suspended on full pay and escorted off the premises while council leaders work out what to do next. True.

MURKEYSIDE

THE inquiry into Liverpool's Fairfield Centre affair — in which a 50-year-old woman with a mental age of five was accused of politically incorrect racism — may shed light on the alleged behind-the-scenes role of "militant" trade unionist Tony Nolan.

Nolan's activities are the subject of a *separate* inquiry by national officers of his own union, Unison, which was formed in a merger between Nalgo, Nupe and Cohse. All is not sweetness and light at Unison's Liverpool branch: Nupe refuses to integrate its branch committee with Nalgo's "until they get rid of the loonies" — principally Nolan.

Neither was Nupe too impressed at the attempted unseating of Judy Cotter, the long-serving Nalgo branch secretary, by Nolan's acolytes at a sparsely attended and constitutionally dodgy general meeting. The Nolanite "coup" against Cotter set alarm bells ringing at Unison HQ, hence the inquiry.

With fuzzy-hair and moustache, Nolan is a dead ringer for one of Harry Enfield's skittish "Scousers". He runs with the hare and hunts with the hounds, combining "outrageous" trade union militancy with a well-paid management job in charge of child care at Liverpool city council.

Tony Nolan's step up to management came about in part due to his excellent interview skills. He was among six applicants at an interview spread over two days. His friend Aidan Pollitt (no relation to Harry) was union observer at the interviews — there to guarantee fair play. Nolan was made to hang on for his interview until the second day, and he surprised the panel with answers that anticipated the questions to such an extent that it was almost as if he were clairvoyant.

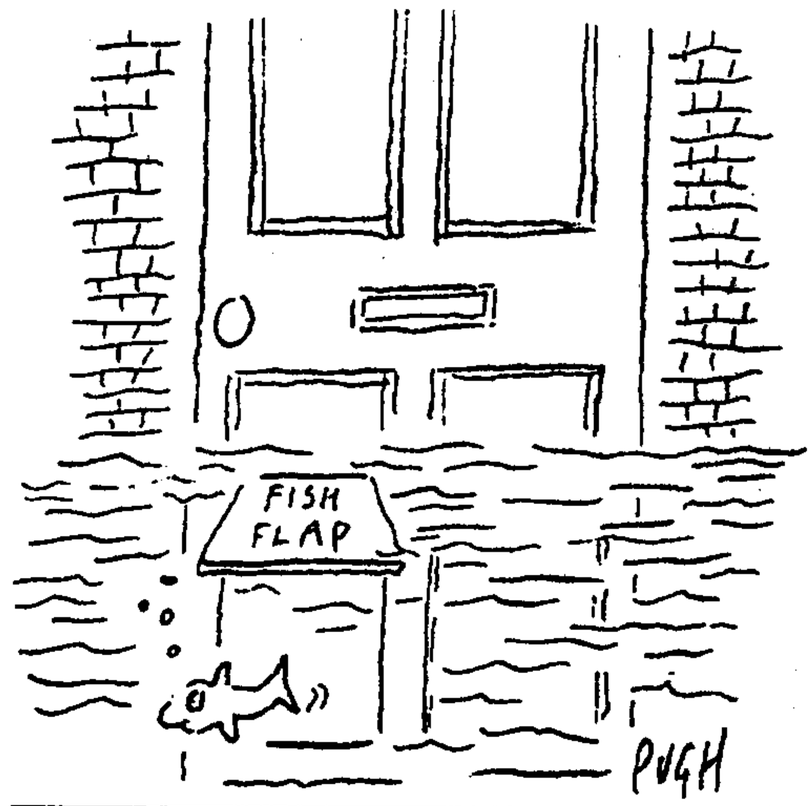
Lately Nolan has failed to earn further promotion, a fact which he makes the main item on the agenda of union meetings. Those present are treated to a 15-minute rant during which Nolan lists all his qualifications — right down to his 25-yard swimming certificate — and denounces his employers as racists, sexists, classists, etc, for not promoting him.

There is of course his parallel career as union militant to consider. Nolan's demand that Liverpool social services boycott victims of the Gulf war only caused saner union colleagues (who had to cover up for him) to ask for police protection and increased window insurance. His efforts to force the finance department out on strike so nobody working for the council would get paid, was also regarded as a somewhat misconceived tactic.

LEEDS

TO CUT bureaucracy, Leeds city council created a new tier of management and gave its three "executive directors" a handsome Christmas present — salary increases of £10,000, taking their pay to £70,000 a year each.

The three male "executive directors" who qualified were Geoff Dalton, Ed Anderson and John Kitchen — not bad for an equal opportunities employer. The Labour authority defended its action by pointing to the £1.5 million that had been lopped from last year's wage bill following the sacking of staff.



LAMBETH

SIX hundred and fifty Lambeth building workers were handed redundancy notices on Christmas Eve after finance officers realised that an announced £7.4 million profit in the construction department had been wrongly calculated. The unit had in fact *lost* £15.5 million — an easy mistake to make, readers will agree.

What will the department of the environment do? Local government rules state that a department must be closed if it makes a loss for three successive years. Since 1986 the building unit has made a profit only once.

TAMESIDE

THE backlash has begun against corruption-ridden private company Tameside Enterprises Ltd, whose excesses were first revealed in the *Eye*.

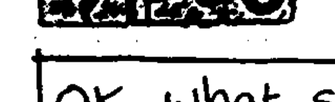
TEL's disgraced executive director Paul Stonier has lost his appeal to win back his £80,000-a-year job, and links between Tameside council and the company, whose debts recently topped £2 million, have been severed.

TEL was set up three years ago to run the council's 12 old people's homes. Despite the rhetoric about caring socialist employers and wicked Tory capitalists, it all went wrong.

Staff were appointed for their Labour party connections rather than their business acumen; contracts, including one for carpets totalling £500,000, were handed to friends of the management; and high-ranking staff members were allowed large unsecured loans (Stonier's was for £16,000).

Belatedly TEL bosses have stopped the rot. They have banned loans to employees, seized company credit cards, locked up petty cash boxes and issued strict tendering rules to stop family and friends winning jobs. But £400,000 is still owed to the local cuts-ravaged health authority — and employees have been asked to take a pay cut.

Inspector Knacker of Greater Manchester police is investigating following a damning district auditor's report, yet the company still has some apologists on the council. Housing chairman Simon Walker, Stonier's former deputy, told colleagues that TEL only failed because of a slow turnover of old folk — they just weren't dying quick enough.



HUSBAND

O·B·N

Mention the fact that you like Elaine Paige at any fashionable gathering in London and you'll probably be laughed out of the room. It is like bringing After Eights instead of Bendicks to a dinner party.

Go one step further and declare that she is a national treasure, one of the most underrated superstars we have produced in the field of popular entertainment, and you're likely to be blackballed from The Academy Club for ever.

NEIL NORMAN
E. Standard

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

SALLY DEEDES

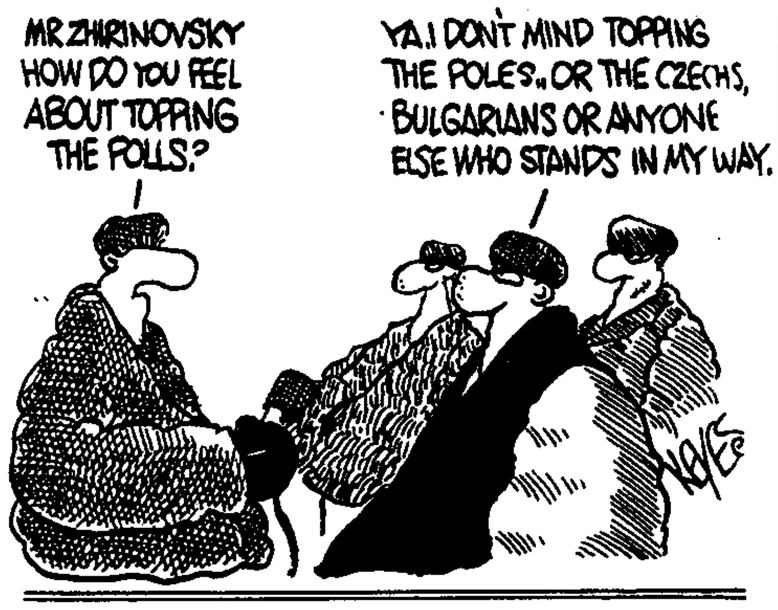
SINCE Hoover ended its disastrous sales promotion which promised two free flights to Europe or America for those spending more than £100 with the disgraced company, around 150,000 people have flown to their chosen destination — leaving some 600,000 disgruntled Hoover suckers (*geddit?*)

The Hoover pressure group, meanwhile, claims that the company is continuing to discourage and eliminate free flight customers by coming up with insurmountable conditions to their travel.

On 10 December, Hoover met the trading standards authority and undertook to observe certain conditions. The company said it would take into account the area and airport a subscriber wished to use, and suggested that each subscriber should give three different travel options at least 14 days apart, otherwise, they maintained, they would be construed as a single date.

Then on 23 December 40,000 letters were sent out to subscribers from "Your Leisure", a company operating from a box number in Warwick and representing Hoover. The letter invited subscribers to fly on one of three dates (promptly forgetting Hoover's dictum that the dates should be 14 days apart) on 19, 20 or 21 January.

It was also stipulated that unless the subscriber completed the form and returned it by mail to "Your Leisure" by 5 January, the offer would be withdrawn. Some of the letters were only received *last week*

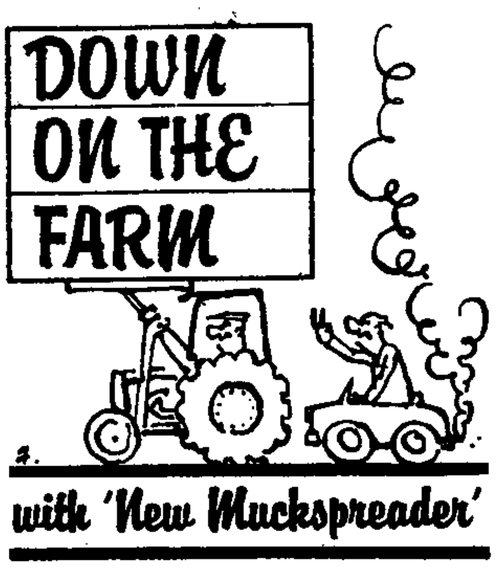

MR ZHIRINOVSKY HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT TOPPING THE POLLS?
YA! I DON'T MIND TOPPING THE POLES.. OR THE CZECHS, BULGARIANS OR ANYONE ELSE WHO STANDS IN MY WAY.
HAYES

with, strangely, no dated postmark.

Another ridiculous condition is that travellers must book accommodation and buy travel insurance, providing proof of having done so (with absolutely no guarantee of free travel) *before* the company will issue a ticket. All of which makes it virtually impossible to take up Hoover's "generous" offer.

Even more disingenuously, several dozen people living in the south have telephoned the Hoover pressure group to say that the company has offered them free flights from Birmingham or Glasgow. Customers in Warrington, meanwhile, have been told that their flights will depart from — you guessed it — Gatwick, in the deepest south.

What a clever way to limit the damage caused by this fiasco...



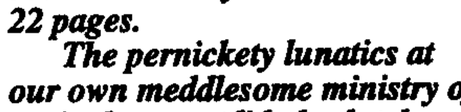
AFTER the brave stance of veterinary surgeon Roger Eddy defending his professional honour against former used-car salesman Nigel Durnsford, aka the chief animal health officer of Wiltshire county council (*Eye* 833), vets have been in court again.

They have been defending another "unnecessary suffering" charge, this time in defence of Hampshire pig farmers David and Brenda Hall. In a case brought by the RSPCA, the Halls were found guilty in March 1990 of causing "unnecessary suffering" to six of their free-range pigs with "badly infected" arthritic joints, by omitting to provide them with proper care and attention.

Despite appealing at Portsmouth crown court in October 1991, Mr Hall's fine of £1,500 (and his wife's of £750) were upheld, which brought the couple to the high court last November. There, in a judgment which does not augur well for Mr Eddy, who is shortly to defend his own case in the high court, Mr Justice Holland dismissed the appeal, ruling that the pigs had suffered unnecessarily through the couple's failure to have them slaughtered earlier or put down on the farm.

The startling point about this decision was that the judge only took account of the RSPCA's evidence, which relied solely on the appearance of the carcases. No one who gave expert evidence for the RSPCA ever saw the pigs alive. Four senior vets, however, one of whom had tended the pigs at the Halls' farm, gave evidence that the arthritis was chronic, similar to that found in humans. The pigs had been able to walk freely to the lorry which took them to slaughter.

The Halls are now considering an appeal to the House of Lords, appalled by the claims of the RSPCA's director of legal services, Mr Stuart Harrop. Basking in his moment of glory, Harrop said the ruling meant that farmers could no longer set their own standards of conduct when dealing with animals. "The cause of animal rights would have been put back many years had we lost." The vets, who after all deal with animal welfare routinely, thought otherwise.



AN IDEA of how burdensome the bureaucracy of MAFF has become to UK farmers comes from the European agriculture commissioner, Rene Steichen, aka Strychnine.

He has revealed how various countries coped with the notorious "integrated administration and control system" (IACS) forms, which caused such havoc last year when British farmers were given a matter of weeks to fill in the complex forms, accompanied by maps, showing exact sizes of every field, in hectares, to two decimal places.

In Portugal, officials offered the peasants two pages of explanatory notes; Spain used four; and Belgium, France and Denmark each found eight pages sufficient. The loquacious Irish found 12 pages necessary and the Dutch 19, but they were both outdone by the Greeks at 22 pages.

The pernickety lunatics at our own meddlesome ministry of agriculture outdid absolutely everybody, however, weighing in with 79 pages.

Old Macdonald

ALBERT

WE'VE GOT TO HAVE ONE DAD!
I KNOW LAD, BUT HOW THE HELL ARE WE SUPPOSED TO AFFORD ONE AT THESE INFLATED BLOODY LONDON PRICES?
EARLS COURT
STAND 94 COMBINED HARVESTER
NOW ONLY
WE COULD FORM A CONSORTIUM GEORGE. GET A SOLICITOR TO MAKE IT LEGAL AN' STICK IT ON OUR OVERDRAFTS!
ALRIGHT THEN, GO ON...
STAND 94 COMBINED
STAND
...BUT ONLY A HALF
BAR

NATO NEWS

EVER SINCE the fall of the Berlin wall, a big strategic question has been exercising the minds of cold warriors in the west: whom do we fight now?

The answer, it seems, is that they are fighting among themselves. The battlefield for this absorbing struggle is the newly formed Atlantic Council of the United Kingdom (ACUK), the product of a merger between two veteran cold war outfits, the British Atlantic Committee (BAC) and Peace Through NATO.

ACUK's inaugural conference at the end of November, for which tickets were £40 a head, was a star-studded occasion: guest speakers included foreign secretary Douglas Hurd and NATO secretary-general Manfred Woerner. The air was thick with mutual congratulation. Soon afterwards, however, the *Eye* was informed that two former luminaries of the BAC were far from happy with the antics of Alan Lee Williams, the right-wing former Labour MP who runs the new organisation.

They are Sir John Killick, a former British ambassador to Moscow and permanent representative to NATO, who was president of the BAC from 1985 to 1992; and Major-General Christopher Popham, BAC's director from 1982 to 1992.

Both men, the *Eye* learned, had written letters of protest to Alan Lee Williams. The gist of their complaints was as follows: that BAC's main task — giving lectures about the joys of NATO to schools and universities — was being neglected by the new organisation; that the council of BAC, formerly its policy-making body, had been relegated to the status of a mere "advisory group"; that the appointment of the new president, former defence secretary Lord Younger, and chairman, former arts minister Richard Luce, had not been properly ratified; that expensive "consultants" had been hired at large salaries to carry out work that was previously done by volunteers; and that the organisation was being run by a "junta" in a style more suited to a Central American banana republic.

When we rang Sir John Killick, he was still fuming about the November conference. "That was a great load of bullshit," the former diplomat announced, rather undiplomatically. "We used to organise conferences for schools, or for educationalists. There's nothing educational about a meeting to which people with £40 to spare can go. It's all part of the aggrandizement of the people who now run it."

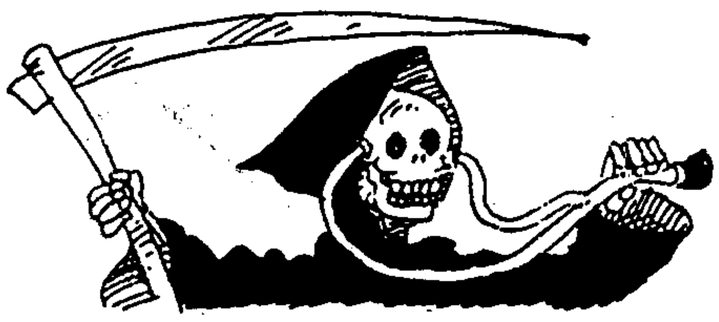
He was also unhappy to learn that Alan Lee Williams had hired two new "consultants" at fat fees. (One, David Griffiths, is getting a retainer of £25,000 a year.) "In my day it was largely voluntary, as befits a charity. We used to have one consultant only, an educational adviser, and we paid him pin money. The membership has never even been informed of these consultancies and payments... It just doesn't seem to me the proper way to run a charity."

When we asked Alan Lee Williams if it was true that some members had objected, he told us: "I know where this has come from — Sir John Killick. He's been involved in intelligence over the years; he's skilled at fooling people." After huffing and puffing for some time about Killick and Major-General Popham, he then cheerfully confirmed the substance of their complaints.

Yes, consultants had been hired; yes, David Griffiths's fee was £25,000. "But that's the rate you have to pay." He also admitted that power had been taken from the policy-making council and concentrated in the hands of a small executive committee: "We've streamlined the organisation. We've cut out a huge tier of former ambassadors, former MPs, former generals and so on... It's now a much broader body. In the past it was a hooray organisation for NATO."

Is ACUK any less hoorayish today? It seems unlikely: for one of the consultants recruited by Williams is Ken Aldred, a gung-ho cold warrior who was previously secretary-general of Peace Through NATO.

Does this obscure squabble in a little-known organisation matter? There are two reasons why it might: ACUK is largely funded by the taxpayer, through grants from the foreign office and the ministry of defence; and it is registered as a charity. Sir John Killick has written to the Charity Commissioners, the MoD and the FO, asking them to investigate. He has yet to receive a reply.



DOING THE ROUNDS

IN 1992, whistle-blowing nursing student Kenneth MacDonald complained about inadequate resuscitation policies at two Aintree hospitals and was swiftly removed from one ward without reason and officially suspended from another.

He complained to his MP, David Alton, and wrote to **South Sefton health authority** asking for an explanation. It was six months before he received a reply: namely that he had been dismissed.

The chairman of SSHA also wrote to Mr Alton alleging certain falsehoods about Mr MacDonald which were later retracted. On 11 June 1993, SSHA's solicitors offered MacDonald £3,000 with the statement: "This without prejudice offer is made strictly on the basis of economic reasons and our clients have no doubt they would succeed in a forthcoming industrial tribunal."

The offer was later upped to £6,000 and then to £9,000 when it was proposed to take the case to the civil court. This was accepted by MacDonald in September after his barrister assured him that everyone would see it as a victory. However, he is still unable to get back into nursing training and although he was originally accepted as a Project 2000 student, his reapplication has been rejected.

● HEALTH bosses are now designing hospitals without their own pathology labs — saving capital but forcing hospitals to pay through the nose of their revenue budgets to private labs. **Bradford** in **West Yorkshire** is to have just such a hospital, and long before the first patient is wheeled in the competition for the lucrative labs contract is hotting up.

It is reported that Dr Ian Barnes, business director of the **Pathology Institute** in neighbouring **Leeds**, is interested in his department taking on the work. If so, there would of course be no possibility of a clash of loyalties. Dr Barnes proved conclusively during the whistleblowing Chris Chapman affair (see *Eyes passim*) that he knows how to avoid such conflicts. The fact that he was a consultant for a private firm called Medgenix which hoped to sell goods to his department at **Leeds General Infirmary** was, of course, regarded by all right-thinking people as entirely above board.

● **HARROW Community Health Services Trust** is to sack 15 of its 47 health visitors in line with a proposed reduction across the country of 13 percent in 1994/5. How this squares with the government's desire to shift the focus of healthcare into the community is unclear. More than 50 percent of NHS hospitals have cut the number of beds for elderly people with longterm illness, with 75 percent now having fewer than the Royal College of Psychiatrists' recommended minimum.

● IN THE YEAR to last April, trust hospitals spent £44.5 million of NHS money on contracts with the private sector, a trifling 265 percent increase on the previous year. Fundholding GPs, too, are tempting consultants away from NHS hospitals by paying them privately to visit surgeries and treat patients in private hospitals. This has angered Ron de Witt, chief executive of **Hull acute services trust**, who is feeling the pinch from the lost revenue. This bizarre practice of a trust's own employees taking business from it out of hours has prompted Mr de Witt to demand that his consultants declare their private earnings from fundholders.

● **SOUTH West Thames RHA** has rounded up six health professionals to assess elderly care and sent them to Florida. Their report concluded that good healthcare is of "real importance to older people" and that the "consumer's voice should be heard". SWTRHA's **Frimley Park hospital** recently had to cancel the opening of a geriatric unit because it is £2 million overspent.

● AT THE **Royal London hospital**, 20 junior doctors on call are sharing one bathroom and toilet, and none has a sink in his or her bedroom. Doctor's accommodation at **Southampton general hospital** consists of a tower block with leaky windows, damp floors and maggots in the kitchen, and **Burton Hospitals trust** is now putting a 100 percent mark-up on staff phone-calls. **Northumberland's** £30 million showcase **Wansbeck general hospital** was built without any on-call rooms for doctors. A freezing, noisy portakabin was later erected to serve this purpose,

High on its list of priorities will be an ambitious £10 plan to build two commmunity hospitals in Forfar and Montrose by the end of 1997, although health officials are still waiting for approval for funding.

Dundee Courier

although many juniors slept on the empty paediatric ward. As from this month, the ward will be opening — not for children, but for geriatric patients from **Ashington general hospital**. Children will still have to travel 15 miles to **Newcastle** for attention. The management has decided to build new on-call quarters for doctors: another portakabin.

● THE **Princess Alexandra Eye Pavilion**, part of the **Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh**, has been losing revenue by failing to bill all GP fundholders for treatment of their patients. Now H.B. Chawla, the clinical director, has circulated a memo to doctors insisting that they write an urgent letter to all fundholding GPs at the time of consultation outlining the diagnosis, proposed treatment and follow-up. Non-fundholders will have to wait for their letter.

● LAST YEAR Gillian Todd, then chief executive of **South Birmingham health authority's acute unit**, produced a report concluding that the **Royal Orthopaedic hospital** was losing £250,000 a year and should close. These sentiments were echoed by junior health minister Tom Sackville, who claimed the hospital was losing contracts and was of doubtful viability. In December, an independent report from accountants KPMG Peat Marwick found that the ROH was in fact making £700,000 a year and was the only hospital to be in profit in the whole of the acute unit, which is currently losing £1 million a month. The report concludes: "We can find no reason why the ROH cannot be financially viable as a specialist orthopaedic centre provided it can continue to attract significant amounts of major work from purchasers, and early indications suggest it can." The ROH's popularity with local purchasers is largely down to its low post-operative mortality and infection rates compared to district hospitals. Dr Todd has now left her post "to pursue a career in public health" but the proposed closure of the ROH is going ahead. Elsewhere in SBHA, the number of beds on East 2B cardiothoracic ward has been cut from 26 to 16, with fundholders' patients and extra-contractual referrals given priority.

● AT **COVENTRY'S Walsgrave hospital**, a ward mothballed for a year has been reopened to cope with a rush of emergency admissions, 20 percent higher than last year. As chief executive David Loughton put it: "We have had some quite horrendous problems in dealing with the number of medical emergencies. The service we are providing at the present time leaves a great deal to be desired."

● **POOLE hospital NHS trust** is to charge its staff £48 a year to park in the new multi-storey car park. Estates manager David Maddocks has told staff to pick up their permits from the car park manager who is based in the dining room.

● THERE IS no dentist taking on new NHS patients in **Ulverston**, near **Barrow-in-Furness**, which boasts three "NHS" practices. The FHSA has now taken on a salaried NHS dentist to clear the backlog of poor patients in one of the existing practices. The previous incumbent will be reemployed as an associate in the "new" practice, where he will continue to consult privately.

● A FRIEND phoning the impecunious **Ealing hospital** to ask after an elderly patient was told she had been admitted to the new Primrose ward. On visiting, she discovered that Primrose ward is a corridor of the casualty department used to house the overspill when all the beds are full.

M.D.

MUSEUM NEWS

ENCOURAGED by his inexplicable knighthood in the new "classless" honours list, "Dame" Neil Cossons, director of the Science Museum, is pressing on with the job of wrecking that once-great institution.

Although the number of visitors is plunging because of his high entrance charges, the Dame has ambitious building plans. They are to be paid for by mothballing 25 per cent of curators, librarians and their collections — which, in turn, will mean there is even less reason for anyone to visit the museum.

Meanwhile Britain's oldest museum — the Royal Armouries, founded by Henry VIII — has also been quietly dismantled over the past few months. Soon it leaves its historic home, the Tower of London, for a new site on the outskirts of Leeds. A wealthy businessman has pledged £40 million to build a new Disney-type setting for the armour collection to make it more "accessible". Alas, the collection will be inaccessible for several years during building, and much will remain stored as "irrelevant". Most curators are to be disposed of, too, thus leaving hardly anyone who actually knows about the collection.

And what of the Victoria and Albert, the self-styled "ace caff with a nice museum attached"? Despite some careless overspending on its £10 million building project, and the conversion of the old Royal College of Art block next door into yet more warrens of offices and yet another restaurant (sorry, caff), and the plummeting morale of its curators — maddened by the stifling bureaucracy — director Elizabeth Esteve-Coll seems remarkably cheerful.

Punters who ordered Christmas presents from the V&A's mail-order catalogue and didn't receive them in time may be rather less happy: the company which ran the mail-order business, Design Marketing Ltd, went into receivership two weeks before Christmas. Under a gushing message from Esteve-Coll, the catalogue included a solemn "guarantee" that "if any item from the V&A Treasury fails to please, simply return it within 30 days... We will replace it or issue a refund, whichever you choose." Any dissatisfied customer who tries to take her up on this promise will be given short shrift.

Undaunted, Esteve-Coll is hell-bent on "commercialising" the V&A still further. The "voluntary donation scheme" (entrance charges by another name) is being jacked up to £4.50 a head from this month — for which the "customer" will see a dreary exhibition about Peter Rabbit, which looks like a seamless extension of the all-important V&A Shop. Still, never mind: luckily for customers, Harrods is nearby.

By contrast the National Gallery and British Museum continue to attract throngs of visitors (four million and seven million respectively). These two institutions have resisted the trend followed by other museums: they put on lively exhibitions, they do not have a swollen bureaucracy of "administrators", they enjoy reasonably good relations with their staff — and they do not charge for admission. Could these facts by any chance be related?

"Wow! I wish I had my camera with me"

ENERGY NEWS

LORD (Peter) Walker scored a victory from beyond the political grave when Michael Heseltine threw out the report of the monopolies commission on gas.

Walker privatised gas when he was energy minister... and then took a job as a director of British Gas. Heseltine has decided not to accept the monopolies commission recommendation to break up the company and separate the pipeline operations (which other, independent companies will be allowed to use) from the trading business of selling gas. The decision will have been welcomed by Walker, who doubtless indicated his views to his old colleague and close associate on the non-Thatcherite wing of the party.

The commission had felt, not unreasonably, that these were two different businesses and that rival companies would not welcome being forced to go to their principal competitor to ask for permission to use the pipes and haggle over the price and then compete for customers. But Heseltine has decided that the two functions will stay with the same company and there will be a "Chinese wall" between the two branches inside British Gas, to keep the two operations apart. Some hope.

The decision was delayed for six months from last July, when the commission reported, to allow the new gas regulator, Clare Spottiswoode, to take office and say how much she approved. As we indicated on 8 October, she is just the type who *would* approve because she is a treasury-trained economist who believes in leaving the market to decide everything: her last job was as member of the deregulation task force for the engineering industry, setting free the profitmakers (instead of intervening before breakfast, before lunch and before dinner, as the saying once went).

She will now fix the price British Gas may charge rival suppliers for the use of its pipelines, how much the shareholders deserve and the public will pay. And this will be on the basis of information provided by British Gas, which will be expected to make its calculations about charges for transporting gas without being influenced by the fact that it is in direct competition as a supplier itself. Ho, ho.

British Gas, increasingly dominant in the energy world because of its role in generating electricity and supplying gas, is preparing to sack 45,000 staff — an exercise in which Walker will be able to offer the expertise he acquired in his dealings with the coal industry.

JOHN EDMONDS, leader of the GMB union, welcomed the government's decision to go ahead with the Thorp plutonium factory, saying: "I am fully satisfied with safety conditions for nuclear workers."

He has to say that because he has members of his union working at Sellafield. But it is not what he said on a visit to Chernobyl soon after the explosion in 1986. Then he was shaken and declared in an emotional article in *The Independent*: "Assurances that our industry and its system of management are different are not enough. Human error is always with us."

He was attacked for this by a fellow right-winger, Eric Hammond, leader of the electricians and normally Edmonds' ally. Hammond said that Edmonds' article "would lead us to the conclusion that nuclear generation can never be safe."

Edmonds has seen his error but will doubtless revert to his earlier posture when arguing the case for compensation for his members and their families suffering from radiation.

STRANGE goings-on at the British Association of Colliery Management (Bacum), a tiny union that is dying along with the pits.

Its members voted overwhelmingly last year to merge with the Engineers' and Managers' Association (EMA), but Doug Bulmer, the Bacum president who was wildly in favour of the union (sic) is now wildly backtracking.

What brought about his sudden change of heart? Certainly it has nothing to do with the fact that British Coal chiefs are doing their best to scupper the merger by promising untold riches to Bacum members once the pits are privatised.

British Coal bosses are paying Bulmer £40,000-plus a year to remain full-time president while for the past five years he has been only a part-time lay president. Hence Bulmer must be the only trade union leader affiliated to the TUC who is actually paid by the employers.

His salary is that of a British Coal area manager, although he no longer has pits to supervise. His only perks from Bacum are a modest Vauxhall Carlton and expenses.

If he is successful in untangling the merger his union will be left high and dry because he made most of his Nottingham-based staff redundant in preparation for the EMA marriage. He clearly has friends in high places in British Coal: it recently appointed him director of British Coal Enterprises Ltd.

UN NEWS

WHEN the *Guardian* reported on the prostitution, black marketeering and smuggling carried out by United Nations "peace-keepers" in Sarajevo, for once the official UN investigation went further than simply trying to find out "who told the press".

Austrian major Gunther Greindl conducted a long inquiry — which the UN will not make public.

Officials claim it dismisses most of the charges and that a "summary" will be made available. At the same time the UN has announced that some personnel will be sent home as a disciplinary measure.

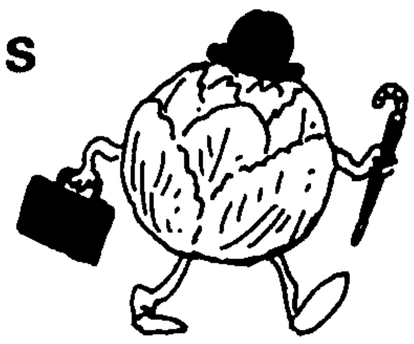
The best may yet be to come, however. For Greindl has not finished investigating the allegation in *New York Newsday* that UN peacekeeping officers patronized a Serbian-run brothel in the "Kon Tiki" restaurant, staffed by enslaved Muslim women and with support services provided by Muslim men from a Serbian "death camp."

AS CHRISTIAN Serbs celebrated Christmas by raining shells on Sarajevo, killing, with ecumenical indifference, Muslim, Catholic and Orthodox alike, the new British commander there, Lt General Sir Michael Rose, will inherit the old excuse for UN complicity in Serbian atrocities: that there are not enough troops.

This is yet another terminological inexactitude. Muslim countries have offered more than enough troops. However, while Orthodox Ukrainians and Russians are assumed not to be partial to Orthodox Serbs, nor Catholic French to Croats, the UN deems it impolite to put Muslim troops in lest they show undue sympathy for the people being massacred.

Indeed, the US general accounting office is now investigating allegations that the UN has deliberately refrained from filling the warehouses of Sarajevo in case the Bosnian government shows insufficient willingness to surrender to the terms of Lord Death's carve-up.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS



AS FRAUD and financial irregularity run rife through Europe — the court of auditors' latest report lists 400 pages of grievances — Eurocrats have finally found something sensible on which to spend taxpayers' money: flying saucers.

A European centre for the study of UFOs will open later this year in Brussels, a city renowned for its strange and inexplicable happenings. The 17 million people currently unemployed in the 12 countries of the union will surely agree that this is a good use of resources.

WHILE Brussels appears to be environmentally friendly, sticking its nose into every conceivable area of life in the European community (EC), the EC continues its sterling work in Brazil helping to destroy that country's virgin forest.

Having flattened millions of trees in the once lush Carajas region in murky mineral deals (*Eye* 759), the EC has imported approximately 200,000 cubic metres of sawn timber from Brazil's virgin forests, in particular mahogany, according to latest figures from the European commission.

Thanks to a loophole in the convention on international trade in endangered species (Cites), which lists only the species of mahogany found in the Caribbean and central America and does not list the Brazilian species *Swietenia macrophylla*, EC timber traders have been free to import as much as they like.

A report from Brazil shows that traders are still mainly responsible for destroying tropical rainforest and that the felling of trees for mahogany creates the most damage: mahogany is so scattered that 28 trees have to be felled to cut down and recover one mahogany tree.

The main importer is the United Kingdom, said to buy more than 52 per cent of Brazil's mahogany exports, followed by Spain and France. The UK has been trading, among others, with the Bannach Timber Company, which recently built a road through 10,000 hectares of the rich mahogany reserve of the Arara Indians in the Xingu area of Para state — a follow-up to the Transamazonia highway that churned up their land in the 70s. Loggers and settlers have also destroyed tribal territory of the Awa Guaja in Maranhao, as a result of the Carajas railway, built with EC funds, among others.

Illegal traders are spurred by the relatively high price of $600 per cubic metre of mahogany for these massive trees, which with their huge buttressed roots may be up to 500 years old. By clearing or damaging seedlings they are effectively destroying any possible future regeneration, again with EC connivance.

THE Law Society continues to harass Peggy Wood, the impoverished 78-year-old who lost her house and land after claiming that the society failed to investigate her complaints properly against Chichester solicitors Hubbard and Co.

Wood lost her case in the high court and has applied for legal aid for her appeal, due to be heard on 11 April. But the Law Society has said that if she fails to receive legal aid, it will apply for security for costs. This means that Wood, who lives in a bedsit on income support, will have to pay a large sum of money into court.

The society's actions over the years towards Wood have appalled the legal profession. So much so that barrister Brian McGuire and solicitor Chris Malone have come forward and voluntarily offered their services free of charge to fight Wood's case. The Law Society believes it has finally seen off Wood — but it may be in for a shock.

Letters

Gutter snipe

Sir,

In EYE *830, you ridiculed Newman and Baddiel for their frequent use of "gutter" language (eg "I like shagging the arse off birds" etc). In doing so you automatically set yourself on a higher plain than these two "comedians". You obviously disapprove of such language, but now what do we find?*

The legend "The fuck stops here" is emblazoned across the front cover of EYE *836! If this isn't blatant hypocrisy on your part, I do not know what is. I do not mind the occasional obscenity, but your contradictions on this matter are almost as bad as those of John Major and his cabinet — "We want to go back to traditional family values, but I support any minister caught having an affair."*

You risk making almost as big a fool of yourself as John Major does because of your hypocrisy. Nevertheless, I will continue to be a faithful reader and hope that you can keep up the good work — as long as you do not persist in dragging yourself down to the level of the SUN.

Yours,
L. HOLBORN,

Glasgow.

Point taken!

Sir,

As a foreigner living in this country and reading through this week's papers I find it interesting to learn that in the UK, sexual instincts when acted upon outside wedlock lead to politicians losing their good judgement when involved in professional activities.

Should that theory be confirmed and extended to other professionals I would finally have an explanation as to why my roof is still leaking after three visits from the builders. And I can foresee enormous difficulties in my search for professional services in the future.

On which criteria, please tell me, does one choose a surgeon or a bank manager in the UK? And as I am soon to need legal advice, could someone recommend me a eunuch solicitor? Please!! Just to be on the safe side.

Yours faithfully,
NICOLE LE BRETON,

Kent.

Capitol crime

Sir,

Having recently returned from a trip to Washington DC, I report a pre-Christmas sighting of discounted copies of Thatcher's tome in highly respectable Brentano's bookshop in Pentagon City. So soon — is this a record?

Yours,
SUSAN HASSELL,

Torquay.

"We're drug related"

Better read than dead

Sir,

Re: Literary Review 31 December. "Set down next to, say, Ivana Trump, Jack Higgins suddenly looks like a master of the pithy phrase…"

Well…no. If "her" novels had been written by Trump, this would have been the case. But, as you say, most celebrity books are produced by someone else. In Trump's case, the $1.5 million budget (not for one, but two books, a real bargain) from Simon & Schuster was sufficient to pay for a writer capable of turning out reasonable commercial fiction: a certain Camille Marchetta.

The deception is not necessarily in the quality of the prose, but in the name on the cover — although it can also be the prose.

You suggest readers should resort to the trades descriptions act. As you doubtless know, this happened with "Alistair MacLean". Evidence was given by a critic that "MacLean" books, by Alastair NacNeil, did not match the late master's high literary standard. HarperCollins, prop. R. Murdoch, was found guilty; but "new" MacLean books are still appearing.

Yours,
DAVID GARNETT,

West Sussex.

LUVVIES

Near where I live on the south coast, there's a theatre for sale. If I were very rich I'd buy it and create work for all the friends I have who are so much better actors than me but just aren't in work. There's no justice in acting.

CELIA IMRIE
Daily Telegraph

Submitted by Richard O'Carroll.

An occasional column devoted to the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

Child proof

Sir,

In a recent issue of your magazine, you referred once again to the Orkney child abuse case and the refusal of social workers to pass on presents from parents to their children.

I do not know the details of the Orkney case, but I used to work in a children's home where some victims of another satanic abuse case were placed while their parents and others were being investigated (they were later prosecuted successfully).

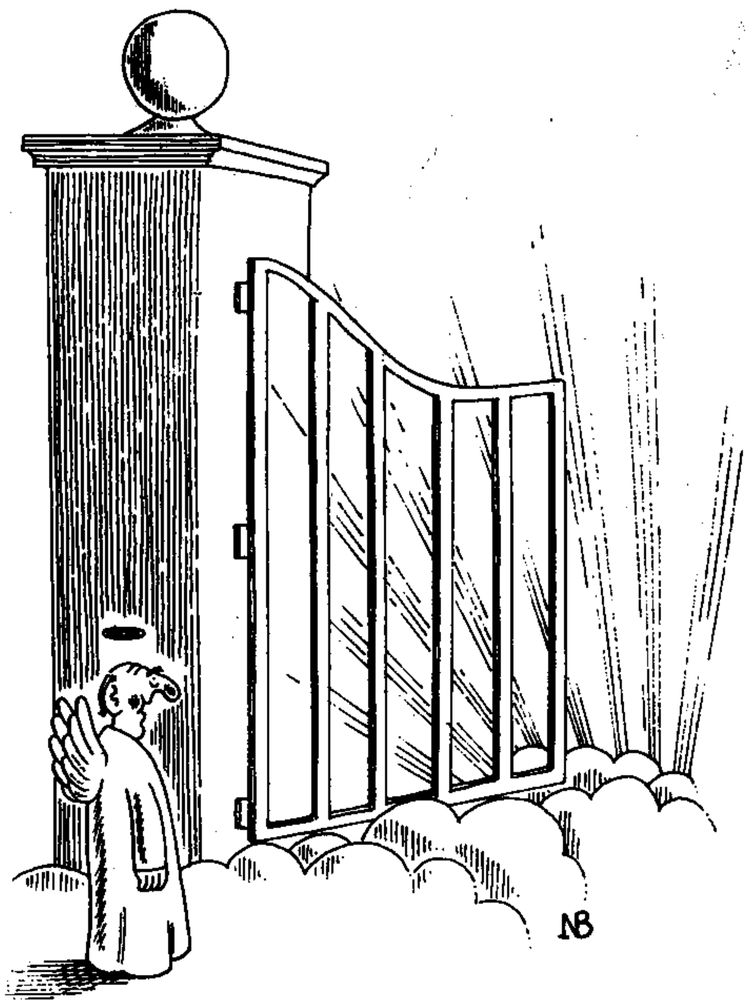
From the moment the children came to us they were bombarded with letters, cards and what their parents called presents. Although these were sometimes games or toys, usually they were odd things like small stones, pieces of fabric or even lengths of string. At first we gave those things to the children but we were disturbed by their reactions — they would often become hysterical, or more often, they would withdraw completely and refuse to communicate. When we asked the parents to stop sending them, they refused and when we said we would no longer pass them on to the children, they tried to bribe members of staff, the postman and delivery men to smuggle them in.

The psychologist working with the children told us later that they are taught from a very early age that these objects have magical properties that will bring harm to them if they reveal any of the group's secrets.

Everyone seems to think that social workers are always looking for evidence of satanic abuse, but I think the opposite is true. Believe me, once these children feel safe enough to talk, you would give anything not to have to listen. I could not stand the horror of it and gave up my job.

I cannot understand why, when there are allegations of child abuse, satanic or not, people like you and all the other newspaper editors only look at the events from the parents' point of view and never the children's.

Yours sincerely,
NAME AND ADDRESS
WITHHELD.



"Good morning, Godders"

Bin man

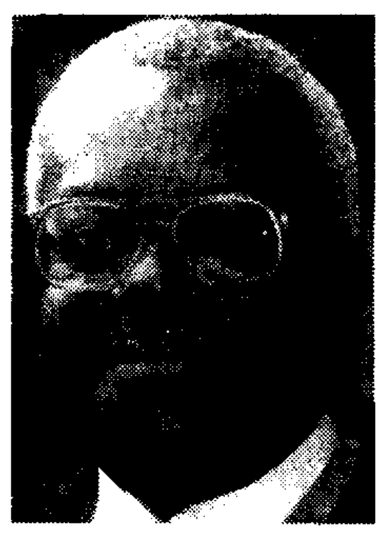
Sir,

Please do NOT *bring back Grovel (Letters, 836). It always represented a serious bourgeois deviation from the* EYE*'s true path of political correctness and belongs in the dustbin of history.*

Yours sincerely,
KEITH FLETT,

Tottenham.

Lookalike



Reed

MacDonald

Sir,

Has anyone else noticed the extraordinary resemblance between famous actor Oliver Reed and ITV's Trevor MacDonald?

I wonder if by any chance they are related?

Yours faithfully,
MICHAEL FISHER,

Stoke-on-Trent.

Laying down the law

Sir,

Congratulations to the Evening Standard's Stewart Steven for seeing off Peter Carter-Fuck (Eye 836). But some of us humbler hacks have already blazed this trail.

Six years ago I received a threatening letter from Carter-Fuck. The chief executive of one of the largest newspaper and periodical publishers in Britain dived for cover, raving preposterously about the matter being "sub judice". Without bothering to seek legal advice, I sent off a two-page reply to Carter-Fuck, giving the precise legal reasons why he should Carter-Fuck himself. And that was the end of the matter.

Really there is little about libel law that the layman can't learn in an hour or two.

Yours,
CHRIS JONES,

President, Carter-Fuck Fuckers Association,
St Albans

I-SPY

Submitted by Edward Kingston. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Caption competition

Sir,

I was delighted to note that you captioned my picture on page 17 of your 31 December issue to give the impression that I am a mere 19 years of age.

I was somewhat distressed, however, to be named as THE WORD *presenter Terry Christian, since I am on record as saying that his is one of the few faces I would never tire of kicking.*

Call me a dickhead, call me pillock or just plain bastard-bollocks, but please, not Terry Christian.

Incidentally, I trust the NBG given to Mr Christian refers to No Bloody Good, as opposed to the publishing house Nota Bene Group, of which I am a director.

Yours sincerely,
STEVE BRENNAN,

Milton Keynes.

Scots Awayday

Sir,

Re: Media News, EYE *836.*

Please be reassured that attendance at the Birtean "Psychotrash" sessions is NOT *mandatory. I doubt if my head of department gives a monkeys if I fail to respond to the regal summons from the English Broadcasting Corporation.*

Any threat of punishment by being "reported to your head of department" pales into insignificance against the threat of having to spend a "Birtawayday" in that filthy Godforsaken hellhole called London.

As for being "put up" (sic) in any form of hotel, I can assure you that the lower orders, ie non management, in this far flung corner of the empire who have taken up Mr Birt's kind offer have found themselves on the first shuttle out of Glasgow, having risen at 6am; meeting raised eyebrows from the Armani suits if their nightmare journey on the choob (I think you call it down there) makes them a millisecond late for the "Brainwash" and then being expected to hightail it home to Scotland on the last shuttle out of Heathrow. (Our friends in the Armani suits forget here that the jetlag incurred on this exercise completely wipes out any "Brainwashing"!)

Yours sincerely,
NAME & ADDRESS
WITHHELD.

Eye spy

Sir,

As a reader of your magazine since it was 40 pence per copy, I am sorry to inform you that I am no longer able to read the EYE. *My eyesight is failing and I cannot see the print with my reading glasses. If any kind reader could give me a strong magnifying glass, I would be most grateful. I cannot afford to buy one out of £65 per week pension and the National Health don't supply them. I should hate to have to give up reading the* EYE *— it's the only paper that tells the truth.*

Yours,
RUTH HEELAM,

Lancs.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"The church of the Nativity naturally post-dates the birth of Jesus."
COMMENTATOR, The Travel Show
(Andrew Rogerson)

"We appeal for anyone who may or may not have seen anything suspicious to come forward."
POLICE OFFICER, Radio 4
(Patrick Bryan)

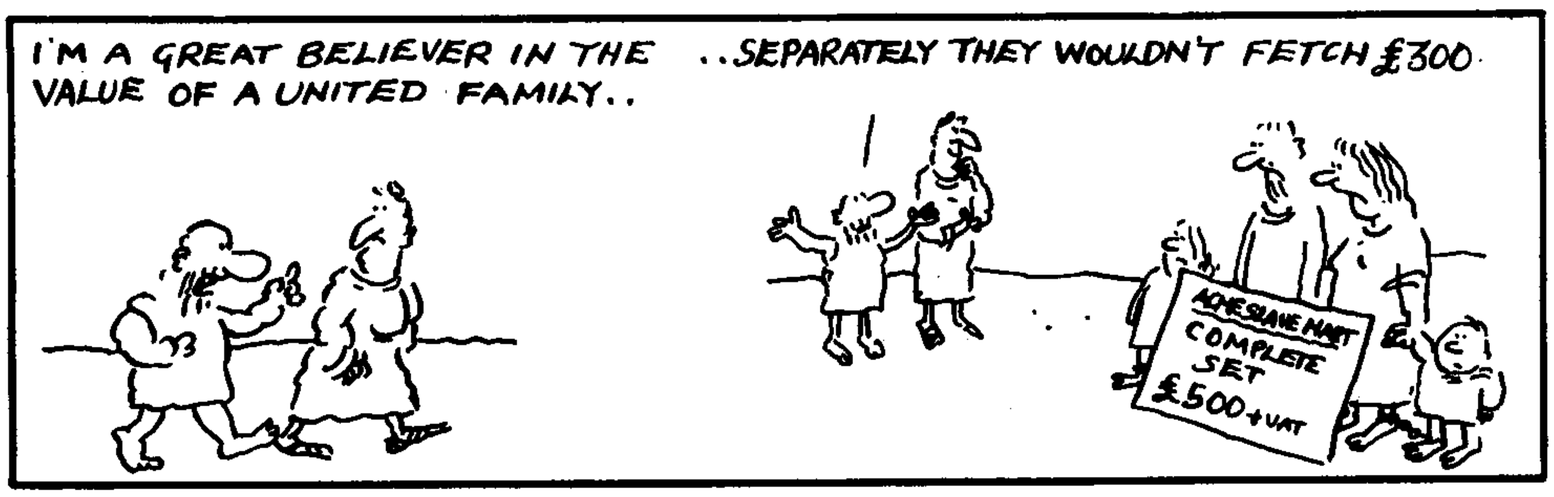
Lorraine Kelly: *Tell me a bit about yourself. What do you do?*
Interviewee: *Well, I'm a widow...*
Kelly: *Oh, great, that's great!*
GMTV
(Katharine Redfern)

"Will Mr Major be flying back from Bonn with the scent of victory in his sails?"
JON SNOW, Channel 4
(Dr Phillip Taylor)

"I got up more nostrils than there are noses."
ANDREW NEILL, BBC2
(R. Roper)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter from Chiapas

from Our Own Correspondent

THE Mexican revolution is dead — er, long live the Mexican revolution.

As Sol-swilling tourists attracted to the jungles and mountains of the government's newly-opened heritage trail, The Mayan Route, mistook the guerrilla uprising for rowdy new year celebrations, some were contemplating the commercial possibilities.

"We could make it the world's most original theme park — a live enactment of the Mexican revolution," mused one businessman. "Coach tours. Shooting. Free sombreros. On your left the ghosts of Zapata and Villa..."

Opened for business and, in many people's eyes, sold to the gringos by Harvard-educated Mexicans in suits — the type whose grandfathers were dispossessed in the 1910-17 revolution — Mexico's darker corners, like the impoverished southern state of Chiapas, are gradually being exposed to a little more scrutiny than our own corrupt press has ever managed.

Our government's public relations facade, eased by comparison to neighbouring military dictatorships, active diplomacy and benign paternalism, is beginning to crack.

Appearance: plural democracy, tolerance, big profits. Reality: torture, corruption, disappearances, poverty. If one party states have gone out of fashion, no one has told the biggest daddy of them all, Mexico's Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI).

The contradiction of the name epitomises the hypocrisy — and nowhere more so than in Chiapas. The revolution here, always tenuous, is now as dead as the statutes of the heros who adorn every town plaza.

In a country which now has more billionaires per capita than the United States, hundreds of Indian peasants are being dispossessed of the only thing they have: subsistence plots of land awarded them by the Spanish crown or the few revolutionary decrees that made it this far south.

In the 1970s, it was the oil boom as the explorers moved in. In the 1980s, it was cattle ranchers and loggers pushing into Mexico's frontier state. Dispossession, traditionally enforced by arbitrary arrest, murder and torture in Chiapas, where Mexico City has chosen to rule through rather than over a feudal elite, has now been virtually legalised in the name of the "modernisation" of agriculture.

"What state are we in when we look back on the colonial era here as a golden age?" asked a priest in Chiapas. "Even the government's own human rights commission is pleading for action."

The uprising, a reminder of what is often darkly termed "the other Mexico", could not have been better timed. The aspiring middle classes of the cities. were toasting in 1994 in bars with names like "Yuppies" — revelling in the prospect of a slice of the American dream through Mexico's integration in the North American free trade zone.

Others were plotting political strategies for what is now election year — a somewhat vague concept here given the PRI's victory in every presidential poll for 65 years.

Typically, the anointed one, PRI candidate Luis Donaldo Colosio, thinks he knows the problems of Chiapas, having visited the state a few months ago as head of Solidarity, the government's talk-big-do-little anti-poverty programme. "Anti-poverty? Anywhere else he would resign before letting his name get on the ballot," grumbled an expat this week.

Colosio has now made the traditional pledge to change the system that will elect him. But election handouts will not be enough. The fraud will have to be more transparent than ever this time round. As the Mexican air force's bombs have rained down on the scattered jungle villages through which the rebels fled, it has become obvious to all that Mexico is no longer the "perfect dictatorship" Mario Vargas Llosa once labelled it.

"Nothing ever happens in Mexico, until it happens," Porfirio Diaz, the Mexican dictator, remarked as he boarded a boat for exile in 1910. With the conditions in Chiapas applying in states up and down the country, the old maxim may prove correct again.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

o "The guy was obviously in pain and limping through the 'Nothing to Declare' zone," customs official Eric Donaldson told an Adelaide court, "but it wasn't until we heard noises coming from his trousers that we knew for sure."

Lili Ellul, a 35-year-old Thai carpenter, had earlier been arrested at Adelaide International Airport and charged with breaching the Wildlife Protection Act and the Quarantine Act. Donaldson explained what had happened: "We found feathers and bird droppings in Ellul's suitcase, so we asked him what was going on, but he went berserk and kept screaming 'my wife shit on her pillow case and go'. The muffled noises continued coming from his trousers, so eventually we made him strip, and found four Thai baby Moustache parrots inside his underpants, worth about $20,000 on the black market. Ellul's penis was virtually pecked off, and because of that, his testicles must have been sweating profusely. The poor birds had nearly drowned."

At first, Ellul pleaded not guilty, claiming he was as surprised as anyone else when parrots were discovered inside his underpants. After heated consultation with his defence solicitor, he eventually changed his plea to guilty and was fined $22,500. Donaldson later told the judge: "We've decided to keep them. Curiously, since their experience, they will only eat bananas." *(Bangkok Post, 20/11/93. Spotter — Duncan Niven)*

— o —

o "It's not often that several dozen of our congregation have to be treated for fractures and stab wounds after a service," a spokesman for the Lutheran Church in Ramotswa admitted to reporters, "but, apart from that, it was a pretty normal Sunday."

Police and ambulances had been called to the church after fighting broke out between feuding Bophuthatswana and Ramotswa factions in the congregation. Pastor Moloi of the Bophuthatswana faction explained what had happened: "We arrived at the Church, expecting to ordain one of our pastors, only to find that Pastor Kharami had already begun prayers. I shouted out 'Everyone open your eyes, this man is not in authority,' but he called me shit on his shoe and refused to give way. He was impervious to reason, and I am the former flyweight champion of Botswana, so I struck him most righteously and clambered into the pulpit. But the perfidious Ramotswans had knives, and ran out of the church and began urinating on our bicycles, and slashing the tyres of our van. Naturally, in the name of Jesus Christ Our Saviour, I ordered my congregation to attack. Sadly, several of my flock are now dead, six are on life support machines, and Pastor Kholato will have to wear a neck brace for some months. But God was on our side, and we taught those rogues from Ramotswa a lesson they shall never forget." *(The Midweek Sun, 8/11/93. Spotter — G.R.H. Hampshire)*

— o —

o *"The accused is obviously a perfectly normal and sane individual" Justice Nicholson told the High Court in Belfast, "who happened to go berserk for several months because of the onion incident. I am therefore releasing him on bail."*

Alfred Weeks, a landscape gardener from Lisburn, was accused of arson, burglary and bomb hoaxes. A Crown lawyer alleged that "Mr Weeks ordered a cheeseburger without onions from Julie's Kitchen, but the staff there put onions in it. Mr Weeks didn't want onions, and felt humiliated in front of his friends, so over the next few months he took his revenge. First, he daubed 'They give you onions when you don't want them in this dump' over their windows at night. Then he broke in and smashed their drinks dispenser and cash register. During opening hours, he fired ball bearings through their windows. A bomb hoax followed — the army had to carry out a controlled explosion — and finally he broke into the restaurant and set fire to it, causing £16,000 worth of damage."

Outside, Mr Weeks told reporters: "I've promised not to do it again, and I've written a letter of apology to the staff, those that are left anyway. Looking back, it's hard to say now why I got so upset. It's not that I hate onions. I just will not stand for sloppy service and impertinence from shop girls." (Irish News, 11/11/93. Spotter — D.Clifford)

Compiled by
Victor Lewis-Smith

GLENDA SLAGG

She's Absolutely Terrible (surely 'Fabulous'? Ed)

TIM YEO!?!?!! Aren'tchasick-ofhim?!?! You've only gotta open the noospaper or turn on the TV Nooze and there he is a-whingein' and a-scringein'?!?!? What's up with you then, Mr two-timin', wife-cheatin', love-child-fatherin', lyin', low-down, good-for-nothin'?!?!

Stand up and face the music like a man!!?! Which you ain't?!? No sirree!! Quit blamin' everyone in sight and take your medicine!?!? It's your fault, ya two-timin', wife-cheatin' *(You've done this. Ed)*

POOR old Tim Yeo!?! So he had a love-child or two? So what?! For Gawd's sake, this is the twentieth century!?! Or has no one told the twinsetted Tory ladies in flowery hats who gave him the bum's rush?!? Fancy the Suffolk sourpusses forcing out poor old Tim jus' cos he's had a bit on the side?!! Who hasn't??! Get on with it, Mrs Mean-Minded Matron!!? Jus' cos your ol' man doesn't fancy *you* any more!?! No need to get all mealy-mouthed and moral!?!

I ask you — what's this country comin' to when you get the sack just cos you're good in it!?!?!!!

SPARE a thought for Tim Yeo's mistress!?! That's quite enough!???!??!

SO, Jim Davidson's got a drink problem!?!? And the Pope's a Catholic!?!? Who cares?! You'd need to be legless to tell some of his jokes!? And completely out of your skull to laugh at them!?! They say he's drying out!?! Why not dry up, instead?!!? Geddit?! Ha ha ha ha ha! You can Nick-Nick that one if you like, Jim!?!?

READ about Richard O'Sullivan?!? Star of Man About The House, stoopid!?!? He's drying out too!!? What's yer new series then, Dickie?!? Man About To Order A Soft Drink??!?

Ha ha ha ha ha!?!?! Now that's what this little lady calls funny!?!?!

HERE they are — Glenda's January Males (Geddit?!?)

TERRY VENABLES — How would you like to bung me one in a lay-by on a dark night, Big Boy?!?!!

BILL KENWRIGHT — Mr Impresario himself!?!! Forget the West End, Bill. I'll give you a First Night to remember!?!

VLADIMIR ZHIRINOVSKY — Crazy name, *really* crazy guy!!?!

Byeeeeee!!!

Poetry Corner

Lines Composed on the 30th Anniversary of *Top Of The Pops*

So.
Top of the Pops.
You are 30.

Once you were
Compulsory viewing.
But now you are
Bottom of the
Charts.

D.J. Thribb (15½ – 2 places up from last week)

Patten outburst

HONG Kong governor Chris Patten accused China of breaking its future constitution for the colony by announcing it would disband all elected bodies when it regains control of the British colon. *Lloyd's List*

MAJOR TELLS FROST 'I WAS MISQUOTED'

by Our Showbiz Staff **Jane Thynne-Stuff**

ANSWERING charges that his Back to Basics policy had misfired, the Prime Minister told Sir David Frost on the No One's Watching This Programme On Sunday that he had been misquoted.

"What I said was that we should Get Back to Gay Sex," he said. Developing his theme, Mr Major said: "There is very little risk of gay MPs having love children, although with all the advances in embryo research it cannot be entirely ruled out.

"However, for the time being, I will only give posts to accredited bona fide homosexuals."

Sir David Frost is 58

ON OTHER PAGES

MP to spend more time with his boyfriend 94

MP Duncan to spend more time with his money 95

"I will not resign," says Major. 96

FLOODS LATEST

Shit Creek bursts banks

by Our Weather Staff
Nancy Birst-Banks-Smith

AN ESSEX man sent out an SOS last night after the River Shit burst its banks and covered him in a tidal wave of filth.

Mr John Major, 50, talking from his house in Drowning Street, appealed for help as he was overwhelmed by wave after wave that threatened to engulf him.

"I have no paddle," he said, "and I am quite likely to go under at any minute."

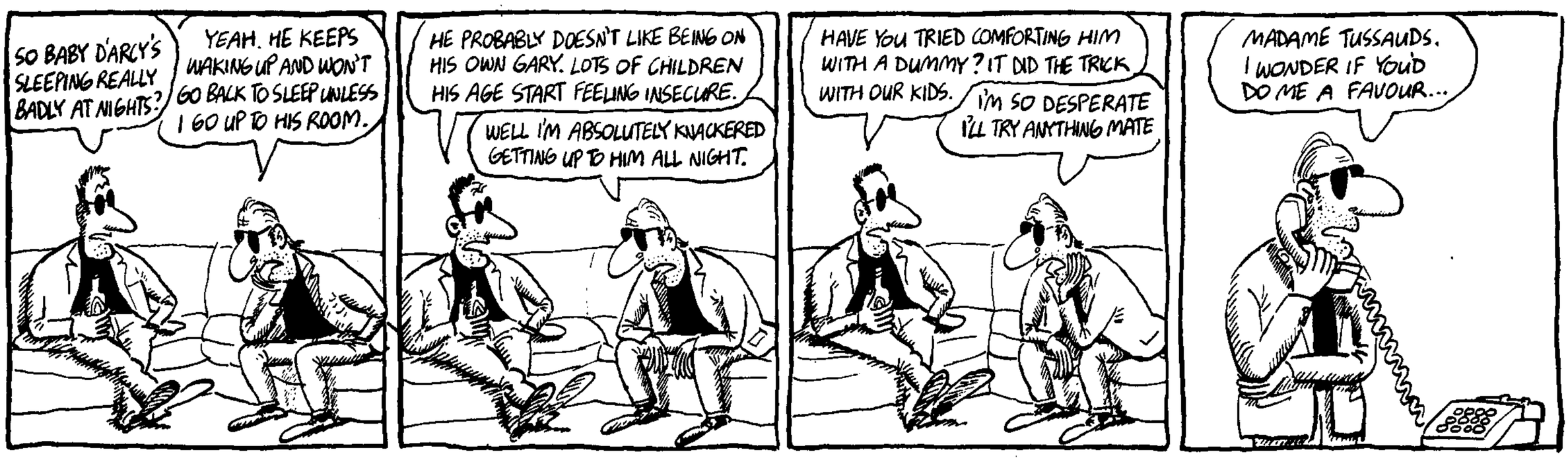
S.O.B.

Weathermen, however, warned tonight that there was no sign of any let up of storms in the Shit Creek area and that the chances of Mr Major being rescued were "very remote indeed".

Quotes from the West End shows

"To lose one minister looks like carelessness, to lose six looks like you're a useless twit."
Lady Thatcher
The Importance of Being Useless

"To have one love child looks like carelessness, to have two looks like you should have a vasectomy."
Lady in Hat
The Importance of Wearing a Condom


SO BABY D'ARCY'S SLEEPING REALLY BADLY AT NIGHTS?
YEAH. HE KEEPS WAKING UP AND WON'T GO BACK TO SLEEP UNLESS I GO UP TO HIS ROOM.
HE PROBABLY DOESN'T LIKE BEING ON HIS OWN GARY. LOTS OF CHILDREN HIS AGE START FEELING INSECURE.
WELL I'M ABSOLUTELY KNACKERED GETTING UP TO HIM ALL NIGHT.
HAVE YOU TRIED COMFORTING HIM WITH A DUMMY? IT DID THE TRICK WITH OUR KIDS.
I'M SO DESPERATE I'LL TRY ANYTHING MATE
MADAME TUSSAUDS. I WONDER IF YOU'D DO ME A FAVOUR...

The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

New Year's Eve (Chequers)

Tonight my wife Norman and I decided to stay up late because it is New Year. I spent the first part of the evening in my study filling in my New Year's Resolutions in my special New Year's Resolution book (a gift from Mr. Cash, the manager of Ryman's). After taking some advice from Miss Hogg, I decided on the following:

1. To be my own man.
2. Never to mention Mrs Thatcher again (see 1993).
3. Back to basics.
4. Not to repeat myself.
5. Back to basics.

In no small measure, this is in my judgement a first-class list of resolutions. Oh yes.

When I read it out to Norman, she yawned, obviously because it was very late and time to go to bed. "It is time to drink a toast," I said, and poured out two glasses of Norfolk Wassail Non-Alcoholic Punch which Norman had been given on one of her after-hours visits to M and S with Mrs Bottomley. Norman then began to sing "Should old acquaintance be forgot?". "Oh yes," I said, "particularly Mrs Thatcher, Mr Lamont, Mr Mellor and Mr Mates." On this not inconsiderably convivial note, we went to bed, just as the distant village clock struck 9.30.

New Year's Day

I got up very early to look at the papers to see who was in my new classless honours list. Top of the list was E.W. Swanton who writes about cricket in the Daily Telegraph, and whose autograph I got at the Oval in 1953 when England regained the Ashes. Also I was very pleased that Nat Lofthouse, the famous footballer, has at last been recognised. I used to have his autograph too, but I swapped it for Cyril Washbrook in 1959. This was the first year of my new "classless honours" when ordinary members of the public could write in to Mr Waldegrave to suggest their own names for honours. It was interesting how many people had written in from a place called Granchester suggesting that Lord Archer should be made honorary prime minister. I don't think some people have quite the idea of my new "Honours Charter" yet. However I was glad to see that a lot of people I know had got in, e.g. Mr O'Donnell, who is to become Sir Gus, and the man who runs the THF Windermere-Crest Hotel in the Lake District where I go to recharge my batteries after party conferences. When Norman read through the names, she said "This lot haven't got much class." "That is the whole point," I told her, in a frosty voice.

Sunday

I have had to stay in all today because I have been expecting a telephone call from Mr Adams, the leader of the Sinn Fein, to say that he has accepted my great Ulster peace initiative. Obviously the IRA are taking my tough stand very seriously, as they have been letting off bombs all over the place. But, they have not yet had the courage to ring me up directly, and I have decided that if they have not responded within a week, I will have to warn them that they will only have another two weeks before I issue another ultimatum giving them not more than a month to agree to have talks with me.

Monday

The papers are once again trying to make trouble. Instead of concentrating on my great peace initiative and my very popular classless honours list, they have somehow managed to dig up a totally irrelevant story about one of my very junior ministers called Mr Yeo. All he has done is to have a child with some lady who is not his wife. "To my mind this is entirely his own affair," I told Norman, as I put the remaining portion of Safeway Christmas pudding into the microwave. "It is an affair," said Norman crossly, "just like the one you didn't have with the cook. And anyway, I thought you were meant to be in favour of the family." "I am," I said, "and so is Mr Yeo. And now he's got two of them."

I have issued a statement saying that "I give Mr Yeo my full support". "Just like you did to Mr Mellor," said Norman. The family is all very well but after an extended holiday it is quite a relief to go back to work downstairs.

Tuesday

The tabloid press, i.e. the Telegraph, are still going on about Mr Yeo. I am not going to be told who I should have in my government by the newspapers, oh no.

Wednesday

The Sun says that Mr Yeo should resign. I agree. It is time for him to go. I cannot have ministers making my "family values" campaign look ridiculous. Not that my "family values" campaign is about families. As Mrs Bottomley so brilliantly explained on Newsnight, the Today programme, GMTV, the Big Breakfast and many other shows, the "back to basics" campaign is really about teaching children to read and write. She was particularly forceful today, sweeping aside all the irrelevant questions put to her by the interviewers, and talking very slowly and loudly. She rather reminded me of someone, but I could not quite remember who.

Thursday

The Yeo affair is over. I have drawn a line under it. Unfortunately no one has told the newspapers. Now they say that Mr Yeo has had another love child. But this one was a long time ago. And I have drawn a line under this one, too.

I asked the Cabinet whether any of them wished to spend more time with their families, as it would help me greatly if I could know in advance. I am now filling in my new Year-At-A-Glance Planner, and it is not inconsiderably annoying to have to keep putting in new Government vacancies to fill — three this week!

However, the Cabinet were all very quiet indeed, which shows they have nothing to hide.

Sunday

Today I was invited onto Sir David Frost's television show! Who says I am unpopular? He is a very tough interviewer in my judgement and asked me whether I had had a nice Christmas.

I told him that my Back to Basics campaign had nothing to do with people's private lives. It was about getting Back to Basics.

Mr Frost was very impressed by this reply and nodded politely. A line has definitely been drawn under this now.

Monday

Another Minister has resigned and now my friend Mr Duncan has also gone. This is a substantial pity as he has done nothing wrong. If everyone resigned when they had done nothing wrong I would have very few people left in the Government. Luckily Sir Norma Fowler is not going to resign, which is good news because he has done such a good job in keeping so popular. What other party is on the front pages of the papers every day?

The Daily Hellograph

In today's Hellograph

What women really think about what men really think about women **3**

Is your partner having an affair? **4**

Is your affair having a partner? **5**

Is anyone reading this stuff? **6**

W.F. Deedes interviews Mr Blobby (exclusive) **16**

The Wonder Bra — does it turn you on? It does me, writes Conrad Black **17**

Princess Di — Is she getting too much coverage? **18, 19, 20, 21**

Proprietors' Wives — raunchy new feature in which newspaper proprietors send in photos of their wives in black stockings to be printed on the fashion pages. **23**

TODAY: Babs Amiel, sent in by C. Blackstocking.

Competition

Win a free holiday for two in the Canary Wharf Islands.

Can you spot the difference between the Daily Mail and The Daily Hellograph?

Clue: We hope not.

Great Bores Of Today.

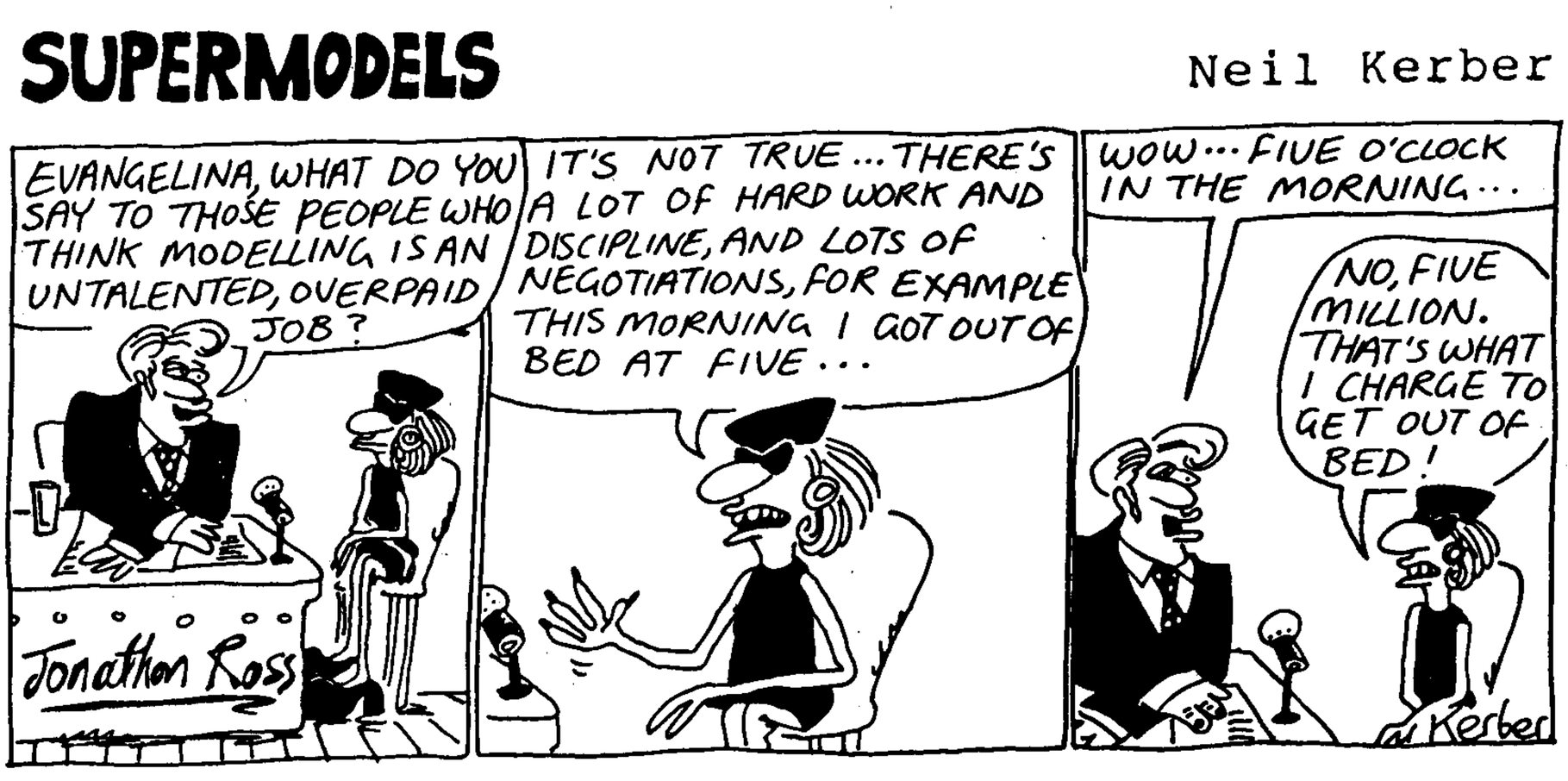
"... haven't you seen it? I've seen it twice and I'm going again on Saturday it's the most beautiful film ever made the piano is essentially a metaphor if you like but the amazing thing is that she is deaf anyway so she can't hear the music it's all shot in New Zealand and it's breathtaking the pace of the film and the sense of period is immaculate usually I'm sick of sex scenes but these are handled so sensitively probably because it's directed by a woman the piano when you first see it is stuck on a beach it's stranded you see like she is it's a metaphor essentially the music is staggering I've got the soundtrack apparently Holly Hunter learned to play the piano especially for the film and the way that Harvey Keitel is made up as a native is extraordinary he represents the forces of nature he's a metaphor really like the piano..."

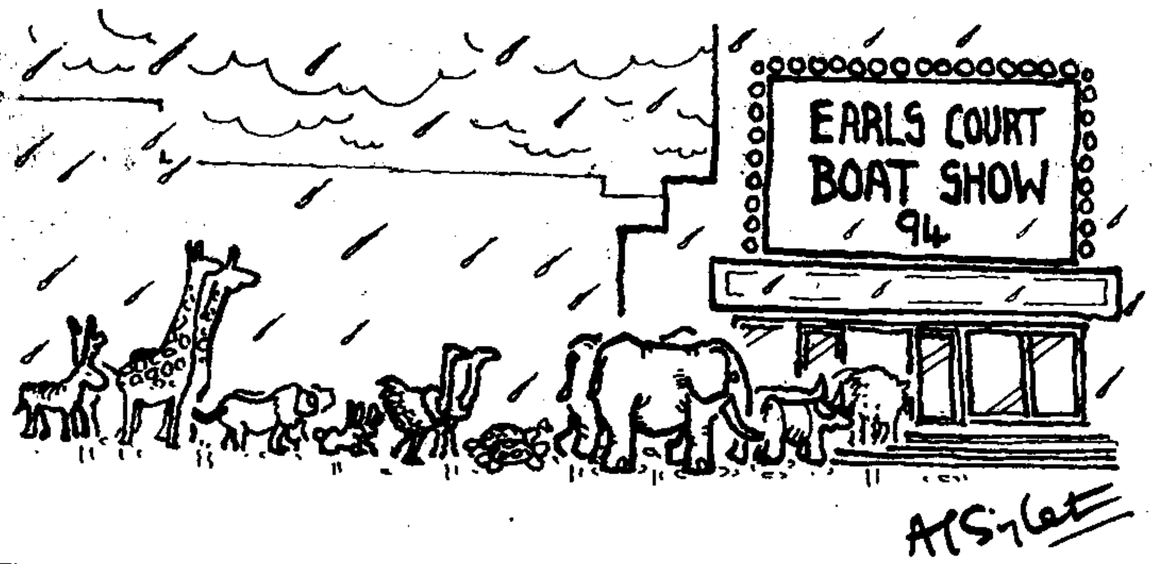
UPPER Helmsley woman Susan Henderson feels "lucky to be alive" after being involved in a fatal mid-air plane crash over West Africa.

Pocklington Post

• **Distortion pedal,** the original 1967, as used by Jimmy Andrex, perfect working order, plus new adaptor, £100 ono.

Loot

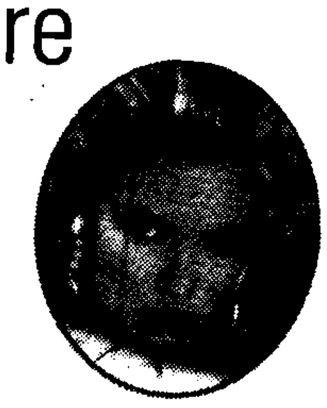

SUPERMODELS
Neil Kerber
EVANGELINA, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THOSE PEOPLE WHO THINK MODELLING IS AN UNTALENTED, OVERPAID JOB?
IT'S NOT TRUE ... THERE'S A LOT OF HARD WORK AND DISCIPLINE, AND LOTS OF NEGOTIATIONS, FOR EXAMPLE THIS MORNING I GOT OUT OF BED AT FIVE ...
WOW ... FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING ...
NO, FIVE MILLION. THAT'S WHAT I CHARGE TO GET OUT OF BED!
Jonathon Ross
Kerber



How they are not going to be related

Chris Evans

D.H. Evans
D.H. Lawrence
T.E. Lawrence
T.V. Lawrence
T.V. Licence
T.V. Heaven
T.V. Evans
Chris Tarrant



Kim Wilde

Marty Feldman
Marty Wilde
Oscar Wilde
Kim Il Sung
Kim Il Te Kanawa
Kim Il Basinger
Kim Kong
Kim Yeo

GOODBYE TO JOHNNERS

Tributes pour in from no one

THE MAN known as "The Voice of Rubbish" is being mourned today by nobody at all. The death of John Major's career occurred in the early hours of this morning and ended nearly ten years as the personification of incompetence. "Johnners", as he was never known, will always be remembered for his hilarious gaffes, bloomers and cock-ups such as the immortal line "I support David Mellor", which had the nation in fits of giggles for months.

Cockup

SAUNDERTON Wildlife Sanctuary is to spend money raised for them by Risborough postmen on frozen chicks for its owls, not chips as reported in The Bucks Herald last week.

Bucks Herald

WORLD OF ART

Enough of Sewell's off-the-wall remarks

AS MEMBERS of the art world — writers, critics, artists, art historians, curators, dealers — we take the greatest exception to Brian Sewell's writing in your paper. His virulent homophobia and misogyny are deeply offensive, particularly the remarks made in the recent review of the exhibition Writing on the Wall.

intellectual posturing and artistic prejudice.

Kathy Adler, Don Anderson, Paul Bailey, Michael Craig-Martin, Graham Crowley, Joanna Drew, Angela Flowers, Matthew Flowers, Professor Christopher Frayling, Rose Glimpel, John Golding, Francis Graham-Dixon, Susan Hiller, John Hoole, John Hoyland, Sarah Kent, Nicholas Logsdail, Susan Lapport, Professor Norbert Lynton, George Melly, Sandy Nairne, Janet Nathan,

Letter in Evening Standard, 1994, newsprint on paper. Various hands. Attr. Melly, Warner, Paolozzi etc.

Artists in public exhibition of selves

Brian R. Sewell writes

HOW typical of the current art world that it should produce such a shoddy piece of post-modern claptrap. Devoid of style, imagination, talent and even technique, it is merely filled with clichéd feminists, members of the homosexual mafia and attention-seeking poseurs of the lowest possible order. Its message is banal, crude and offensive. What on earth is it doing being displayed in a national newspaper? A child of four could have written it. I don't know much about art but I know who I hate.

School News

St Cakes

Bottomley Term begins today. There are 317 boys in the school this term and 318 girls, including 47 love children. T.J.Z. Yeo (Parkinson's) is Head of the Legover. Ms J. Stuart (Keays) is Receiver of the Maintenance. Ms E. Presiley (Baxendale's) is Captain of Rugby. Mr W.F. Blobby (O.C.) is to be the new Head of Drama. Deaconess T. Ronalda Hubbard of the Church of Scientology, East Grinstead, has been appointed Senior Chaplain, replacing the Rev J. Clary, who is in hospital, following an incident at the Christmas pantomime. The Kwikfit Lecture will be given this year by Mr Nicholas Ross (O.C.) on the subject of "Whither the Phone-In?". Jonners will be run over Bailey's Piece on 23 February. There will be a performance of *Terminator II* in the Big Mac Hall on 3 March (tickets from the Bursar, Major B.N.P. Beackon, Lib Dem House, Tower Hamlets). The 50th anniversary of the founding of the OC Lodge No. 0898 will be celebrated in the Function Room of the Egg & Embryo public house, Crouch End. The Grand Imperial Hippopotamus, Mr J.P.Q. Clingfilm (Buthelezi's 1936-39) will preside, assisted by the Sacred Cockroach of the Inner Temple, Mr R.F. Ovenready-Chips (Venables', 1951-56). Resignations will be on 28 March. The following awards have been made: The Robert Maxwell Bursary (M.R.B.Q.S. Maxwell, Pentonville Hall); The Open Scholarship for Embryological Research (M.R.P. Frankenstein, St Forgan's); The Dominic Lawson Chess Scholarship (D. Trelford, Lonrho's); The Under-12 Bursary for Dramatic Studies (shared between K. Branarg and Ms E. Thompson, The Stephen Fry School, Holsten Pils, Norfolk).

THOSE YEO-MAJOR LETTERS IN FULL

From Tim Yeo MP.

Dear Prime Minister:

It is with great sadness that I have been hounded from office by the tabloid press.

I deeply regret having lost my ministerial office and all the money that went with it.

I would like to take this opportunity to say how sorry I am that you were not able to give me your full support, or indeed any.

I realise that this episode has been deeply embarrassing for you because it has shown you in your true colours as a two-faced wimp.

I will of course continue to give you my full support from the back benches in return for your assurance that I can soon have my job back after a penitential period of five minutes. Otherwise I may have to take an independent line on rail privatisation, VAT on fuel, and all the other stupid mistakes your hopeless government is now making.

Yours sincerely,

Tim

From the Prime Minister.

Dear Tim:

Thank you for your letter.

I am sure you have done the right thing in agreeing to be sacked.

I had never heard of you until this unpleasant business was drawn to my attention by the Daily Telegraph. But I now realise that you have been an outstanding junior minister for the countryside, and you will be a great loss to my government.

While I believe that your affair is entirely your private life, your decision to get caught out by the press when my government's only policy is to bang on about family values made it inevitable that I would give you my full support and then do a complete U-turn and sack you. You bastard.

With best wishes,

John & Norma

From Ms Ros Hepplewhite, Chief Executive, Child Support Agency.

Dear Mr Yeo,

You are hereby notified that, under the Child Support Act 1991, you are required to pay the sum of £3 million towards the support of your child, regardless of any arrangement you may previously have made through the courts, or otherwise. Failure to comply with this order will result in the compulsory deduction of 90 % of your income through your employers Messrs HM Government. If you wish to lodge an appeal against this order, you may do so within three days by applying in person to the CSA (Appeals Office), Block B, 417 Bottomley House, John O'Groats JGR 3FY in office hours only.

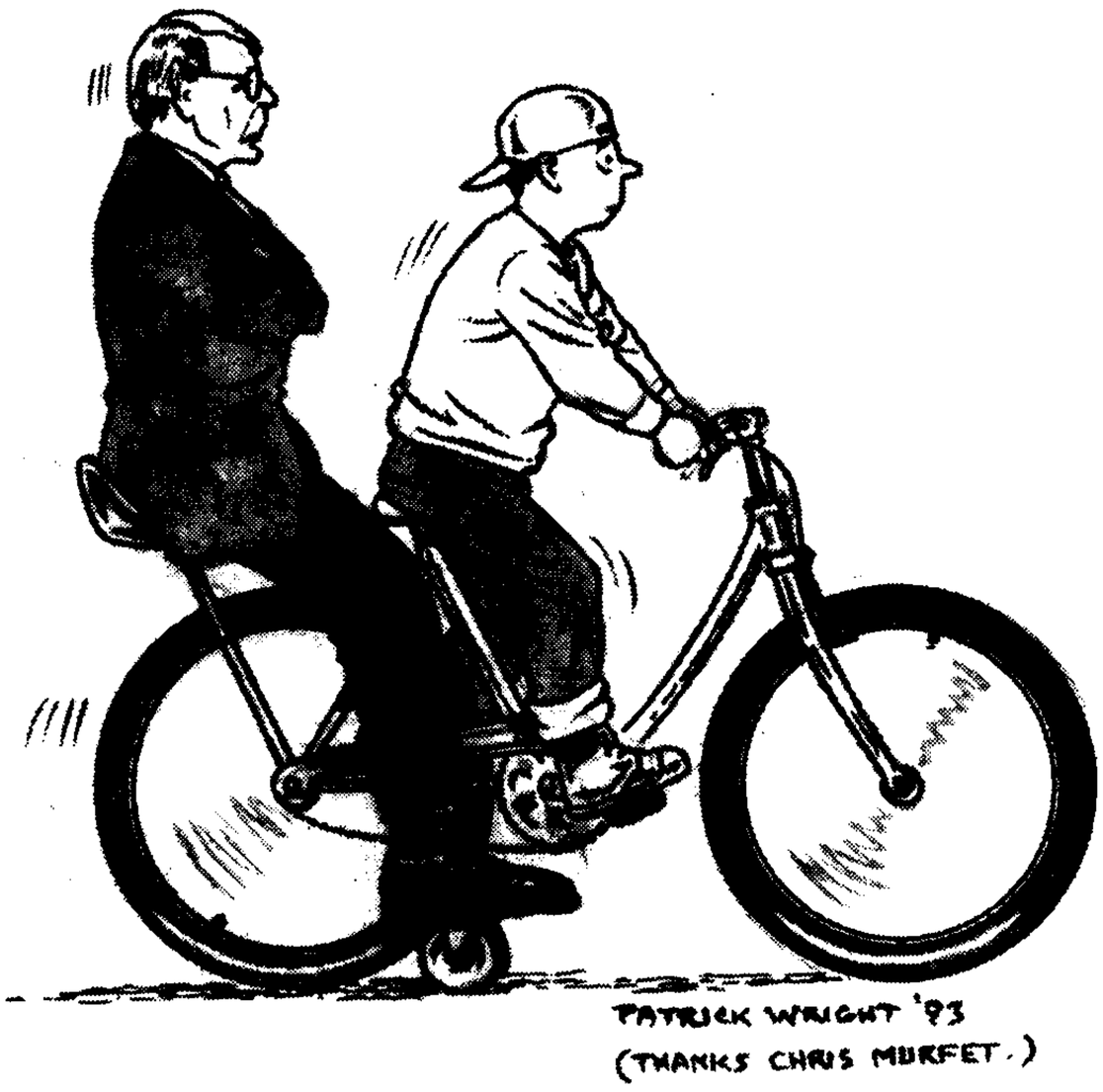
Yours

RH

(signed in her absence)

101 USES FOR A JOHN MAJOR (31)

STABILISERS FOR A CHILD'S BIKE



MAJOR SUPPORTS JACKO

by Our Political Staff
Simon Hefferlump

THE PRIME Minister Mr John Major today threw his full support behind Mr Michael Jackson, the popular singing star, currently embroiled in a sexual scandal.

In a statement from 10 Downing Street, Mr Major said:

"Mr Jackson is an outstandingly able popular entertainer. I see no reason for the media to hound him into early retirement. What Mr Jackson does in his private life is his own affair. It is ridiculous to claim that paedophilia is at odds with our policy of family values."

Speaking on *The World At One*, Sir Norman Fowler, Chairman of the Group 4 Conservative Party, endorsed Mr Major's tough line.

"Singers are just human beings like the rest of us. It is not our place to pass moral judgement. The role of government is to stay in power."

LATE NEWS

Major Sacks Jackson

(Reuters)

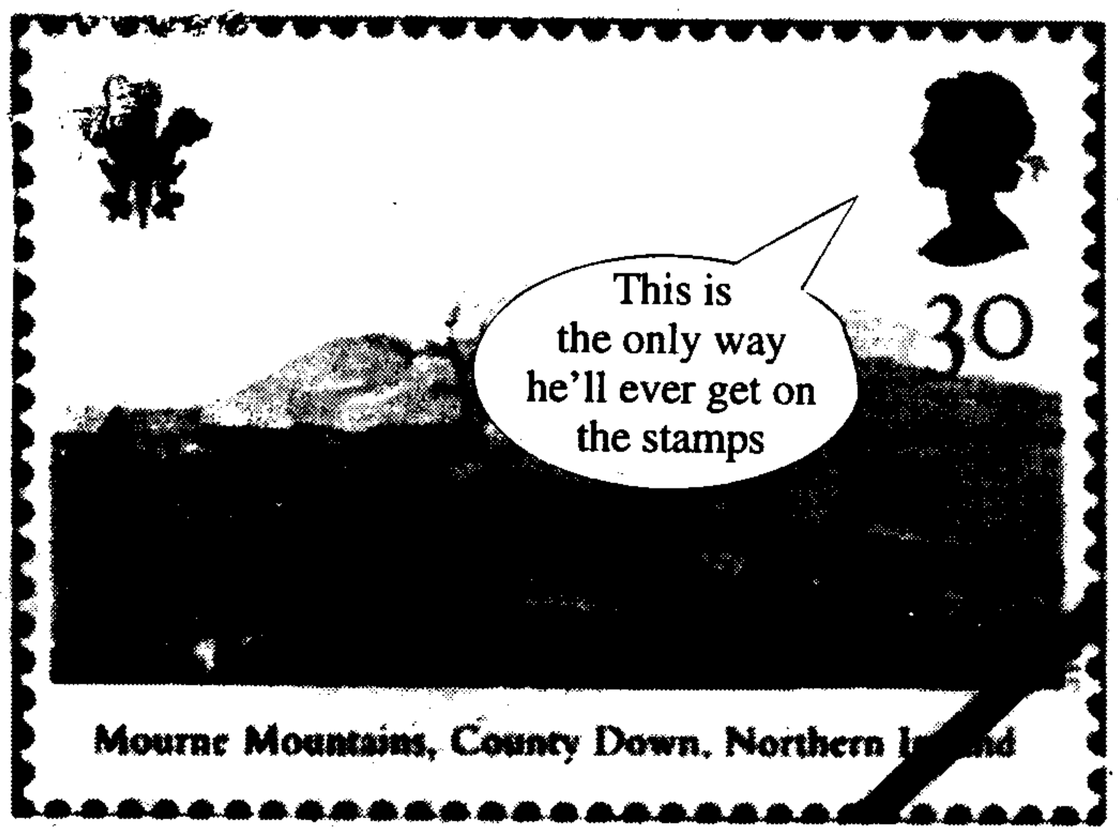
Storm grows over Welsh holidays abroad scandal

by Our Travel Staff
Bryn Mel and Griff Rees-Mogg

FURIOUS taxpayers were last night questioning the policy of sending unemployed male offenders on luxury trips all over the world.

Said one opponent of the scheme: "I don't care if it does help him sort out his problems. I don't see why I should pay for Prince Charles to go *(cont. p. 94)*

Post Office chooses Charles watercolours



MAJOR 'WON'T RESIGN' OVER BASTARD

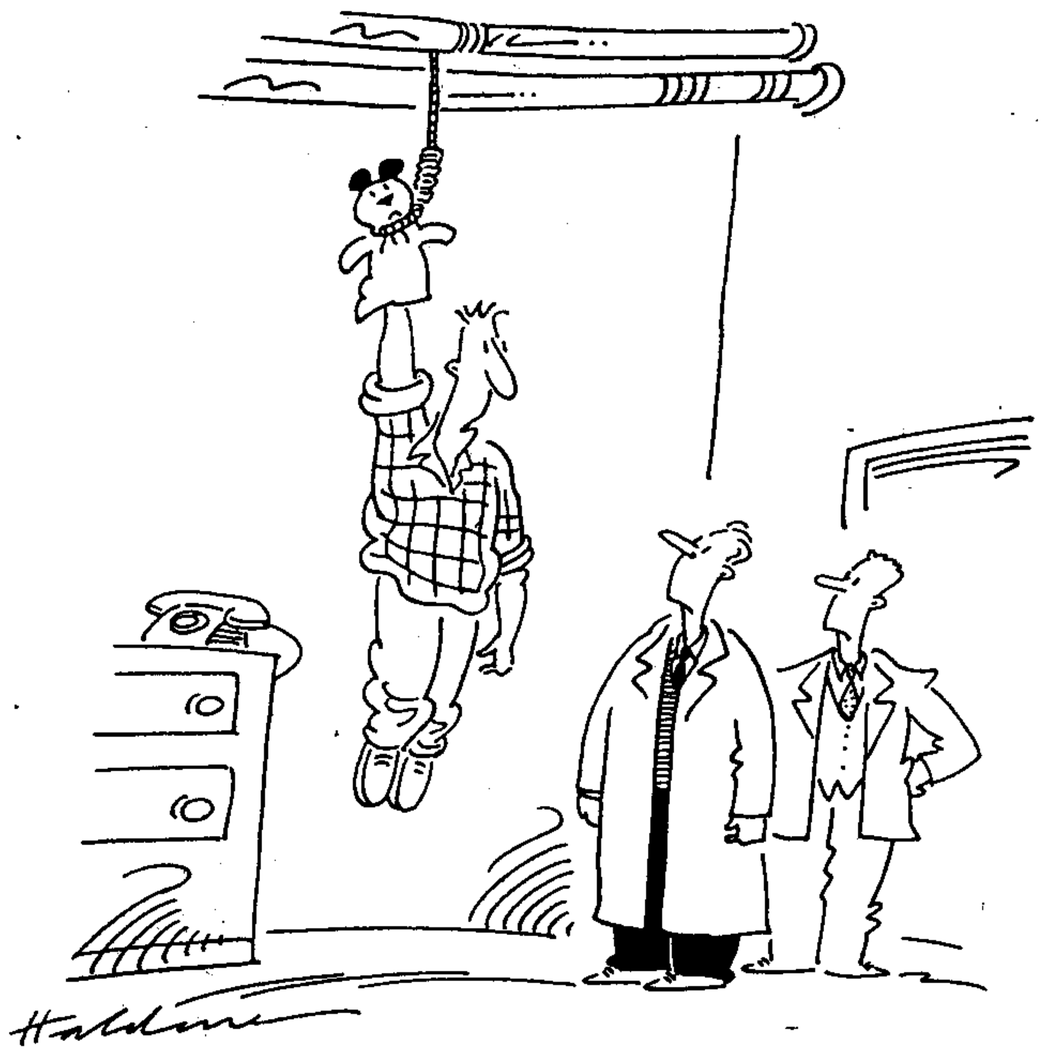
by Our Political Staff **Andrew Rawnchy**

THE PRIME Minister stood his ground last night after damaging revelations that he was responsible for a bastard in the government.

"My political life has nothing to do with my personal reputation," he told reporters, as he confessed that he did indeed have a bastard in the Department of the Environment. The bastard in question, recently named as Tim Yeo, was, he said, the result of a "very foolish half-hour at the Tory conference when I fancied giving someone a job".

Old Father Tim

The Prime Minister continued: "I was, however, quite willing to support my bastard and make sure he had an adequate salary. I accept that I have been extremely foolish, but I do not see that my lack of judgement in any way conflicts with my competence as a hypocrite."



"I noticed that he'd been a bit despressed lately"

MAJOR DISTANCES HIMSELF FROM PRIME MINISTER

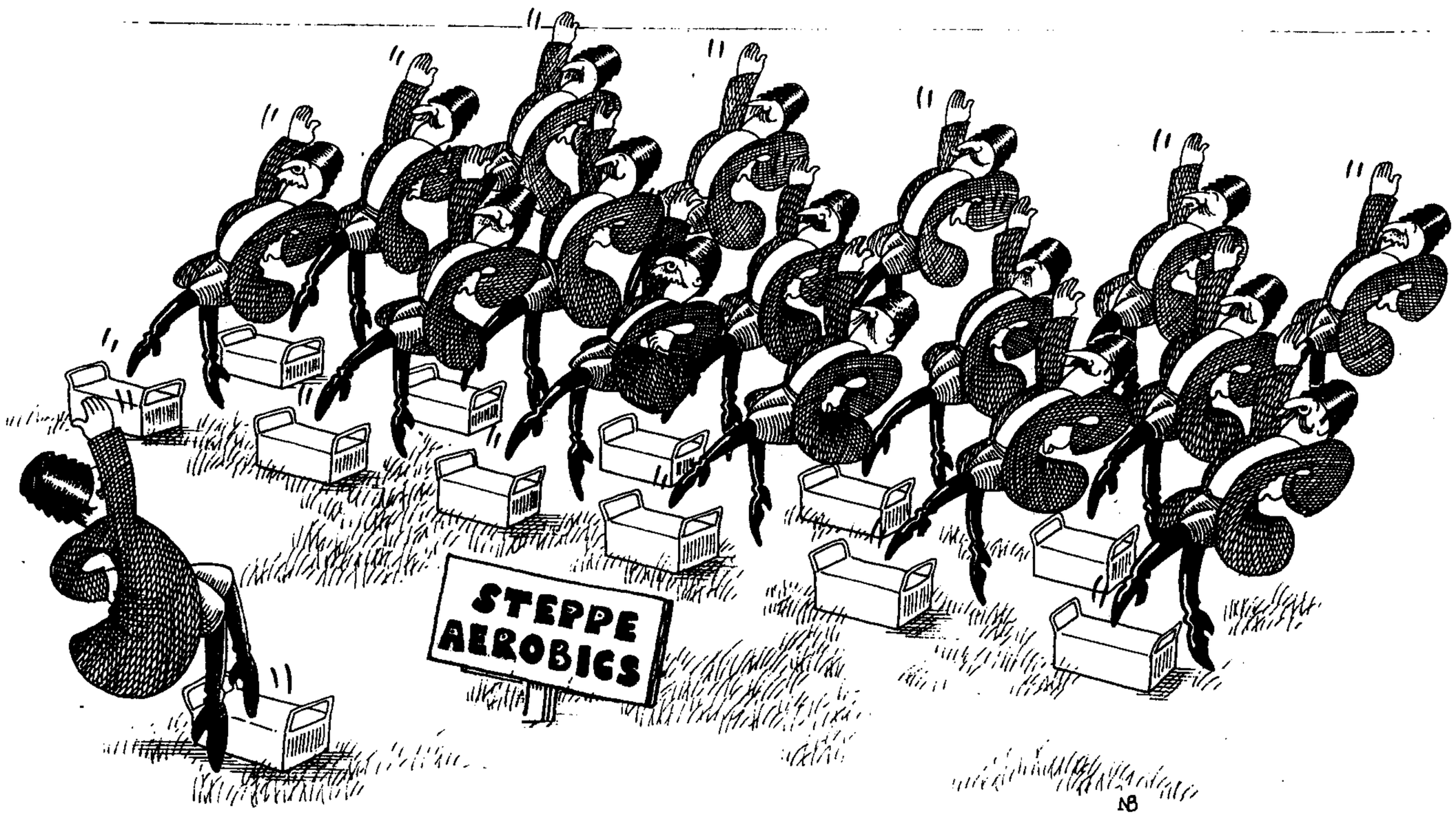
by Our Moral Guardian Staff **Michael Whitewash**

IN A desperate bid to save his "Back to Popularity" campaign, John Major has withdrawn his support from the controversial comments of the Prime Minister about "family values" and "basic morality".

Said Major: "I can't back the sort of moral crusade that the Prime Minister is advocating. Concepts such as loyalty to one's own beliefs are all very well but they have no place in politics.

"I don't think it is very helpful", Major continued, "for the Prime Minister to preach morality at people when he has got more important issues to focus on — such as abandoning his one Big Idea as soon as possible.

"I personally believe," concluded Mr Major, "that Back to Basics means getting back to the traditional Conservative belief in doing a U-turn at the first whiff of trouble."



DOCTOR DEFENDS 'NEW LIFE FROM DEATH' TECHNIQUE

by Our Medical Correspondent
Dr James LefanuthinghappenedonthewaytotheTelegraph

DR FRANK N. Stein, proprietor of the controversial Unborn Hall clinic, today defended his revolutionary method of creating new life.

"Everything we do here," he said, "has been approved by our own Ethical Committee who supervise our experiments at every stage."

"There is nothing unnatural," said Dr. Stein, "about creating new human beings from dead bodies snatched from graveyards in the middle of the night".

One Foot In The Graveyard

At his ivy-clad half-ruined Jacobean mansion set in 420 acres of rolling pine forest, complete with screeching owls, forked lightning and full moons partly obscured by scudding clouds, Dr Acula *(surely 'Stein'? Ed)* outlined some of the novel techniques which have put him at the cutting edge of embryological science.

"All we do," he explained "is harness the energy of nature — i.e. lightning bolts — to enable childless couples to enjoy the pleasures of parenthood. What could be more harmless than that?

"All couples who come to my clinic for treatment are counselled at every stage by highly-trained hunchbacks, who explain to them exactly what having a monster will entail.

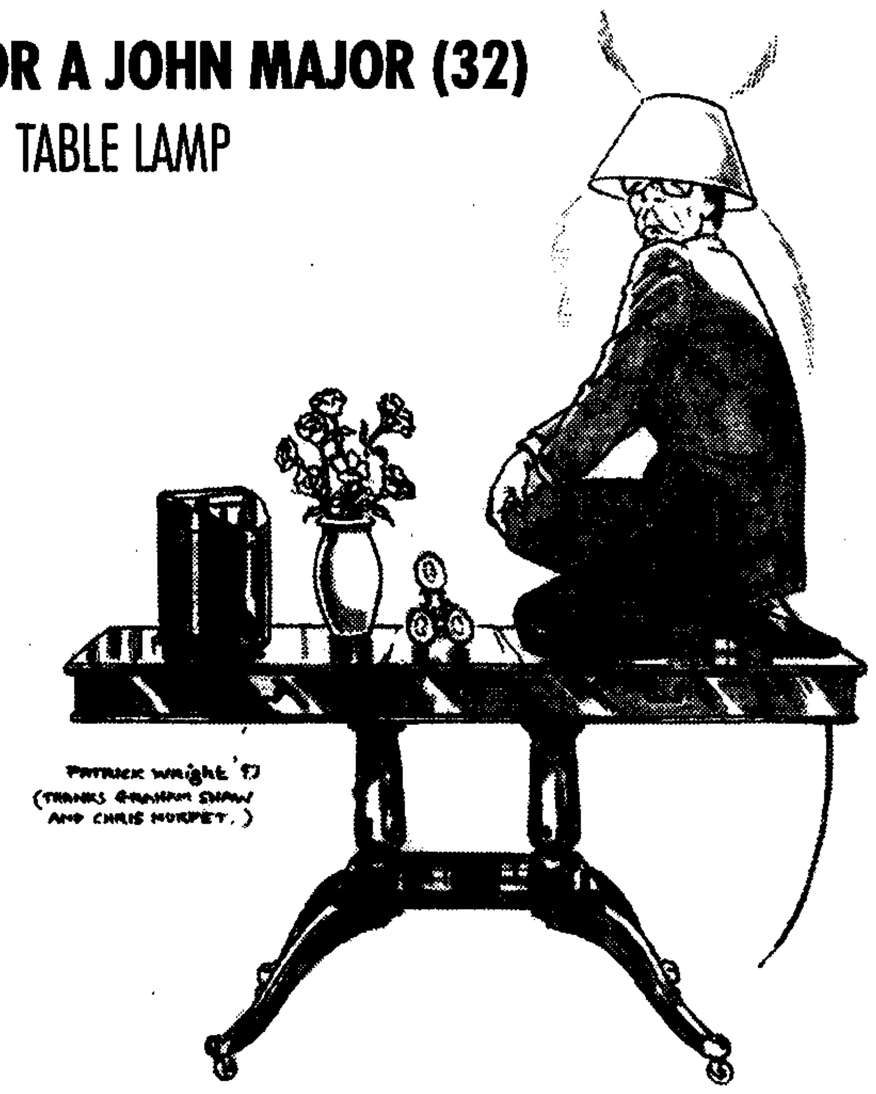
"It is simply untrue to claim that I am only doing this for the money. Every penny of the £8 million which the clinic made last year has been ploughed back into my own pocket, to enable me to continue my pioneering work in becoming very rich."

That Embryological Ethical Committee In Full

Chair: Dr. Frank N. Stein. **Members:** Dr. Robert E. Werewolf, Professor of Human Genetic Engineering, University of Madonna, Wisonsin; Liz Forgan, Deputy-Director General of BBC Radio; Professor Adrian Zombie, Fellow in Voodoo Sciences, Duvalier University, Haiti; The Rev. J.C. Flannel, Reader in Ethical Interface Studies, Milton Keynes; Dame Mary Warlock, University of Oxford; Penelope Keith, star of TV's The Good Life-After-Death; Dr Blobby, Consultant Pneumatologist, University of Michelin; His late Majesty King Rameses X11, Reader in Comprehensive Mummology, Valley of the Kings; Inspector E. Morse, Thames Valley CID *(That's enough moral experts, Ed).*

101 USES FOR A JOHN MAJOR (32)

TABLE LAMP



THOSE 10 TELL-TALE COMMANDMENTS IN FULL

❶ Yeo shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his local Conservative Councillor, nor her ass nor her tits *(shurely 'ox'?)*, **nor anything that she hath.**

❷ Yeo shalt not commit adultery.

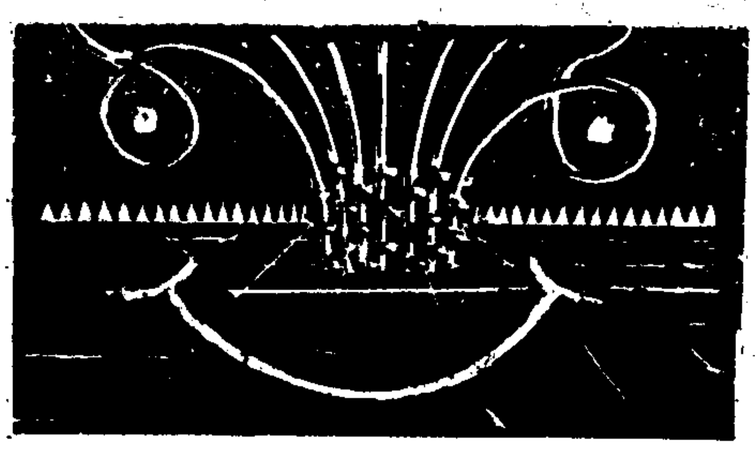
❸ Yeo shalt not get caught.

❹ Yeo shalt not be driven out by the media.

❺ Oh yes, Yeo shall.

(That's enough Commandments — God)

DIARY



KEITH RICHARD

This year, the thing I'm really into is the thing thing, you should suss it out. Like, it's a thing that's not just a thing but a THING, know what I mean, a thing that's more of a really huge thing than just any old thing. I mean, there's things and there's things, right? And this thing thing is gonna be bigger than the first things — and the second things! It's gonna be a whole new thing, this thing, a whole new thing in its own thing, and it'll like really give the band a new purpose, and something to thing about.

What a drag it is movin' house, and all that shit. Like, each time I buy a house — great fucking huge Tudor thing in miles of acres or whatever — I like it for a day or two, even a month maybe — but then I nearly always find there's somethin' wrong with the bathroom. Like, this is wot happened in the first half of last year, maaan:

February: Buy new fuckin' house for a load of bread, but at least it has a brilliant swimming pool for the car.

March: Find corpse of chick in bathroom. Real downer. Sell house.

April: Buy new house wiv luvvly clean bathrooms. Build new upstairs room for throwin' tellies out of.

May: Find corpse in upstairs guest bathroom. Freak out. Dragsville. Sell house.

June: Buy new house. Find it's in France. "But I said I wanted fuckin' Italy this time," I say. "Sorry Keef," they say. "You should speak more clearly." Sell it via *Country Life*, slogan: "No Corpses in Any of the Fuckin' Upstairs Bathrooms".

July: Prospective buyer turns up, zonks around the house, comes back complainin' he's found a corpse in a downstairs bathroom. "I never said nuffink about the DOWNSTAIRS bathrooms," I say."Don't be so fuckin' choosy, maan."

The Sixties — they seem like years ago, right? Years and years and years and years ago. Like literally ten years or even longer, right? But I remember them like they were yesterday, which was a Thursday, or was it a Monday?, can't remember. Tuesday — that's it. Or Sunday. Yesterday? Don't talk to me about yesterday — I'm not into the whole tomorrow thing. What did I do yesterday? Got wasted. Or was that the day before? Probably in the Sixties some time. We were really into the whole getting wasted trip in the Sixties, the whole Jack Daniel's Dettol Smack Crazy Foam Haliborange Ketchup Coke Uppers and Downers trip, like I'd always make sure I had an orange Opal Fruit up my nose and two Maltesers in each ear, faaar out, maan.

Kids these days don't know the meaning of the word "thing". Like, to them it's just a thing. I mean, how many of them have ever swum in a swimming pool without any water in it? We did that all the time in the Sixties, the whole breast-stroke-on-concrete rap, the whole dive-and-smash-your-head-in thing. And how many of them could put their hand on their thing and tell me like they've ever driven a car completely out of their heads into a solid brick wall just to get the fuckin' cigarette lighter to pop out? Nah — they haven't lived, maan, haven't even lived.

Rock 'n' roll, maaan! This morning, or was it last night?, I got this incredible riff in my head:

Nyah nyah nyah nyah
Nyah nyah nyah nyah
Nyah nyah nyah nyah
Nyah nyah nyah nyah

and then the chorus goes:

Nyan nyah nyah nyah
Nyah nyah nyah nyah
Nyah nyah nyah nyah
Nyah nyah — nyah

with that last line having a bit of totally unexpected variation in it, know what I mean? Anyway, Mick woz really into it, like completely out of his head with it, and he said it's like a major new development for the band, fuckin' revolutionary, maan, leaving that third

nyah

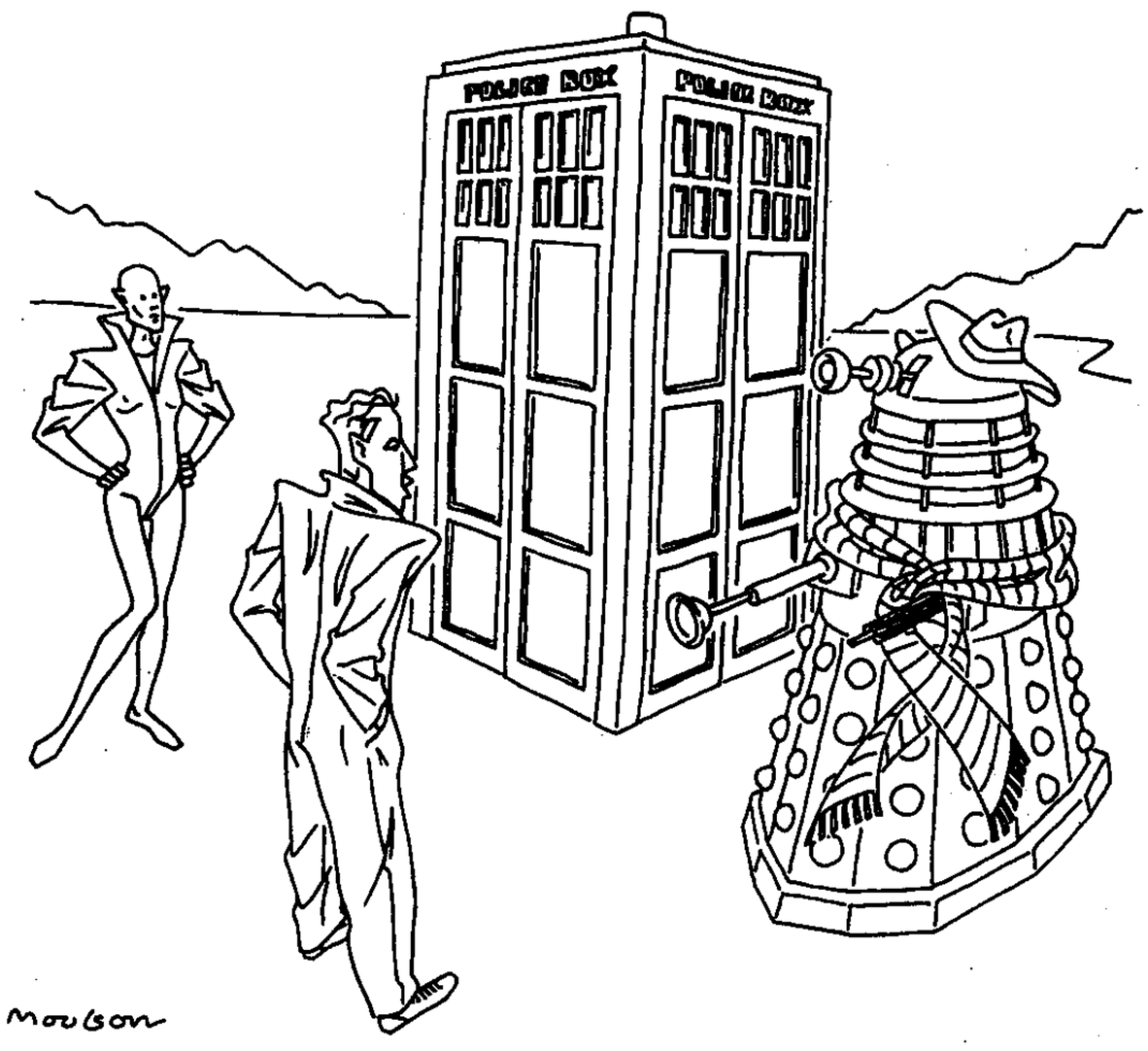
out of the very last line. So I said, Jeezuz, maaan, I've just had the most amazin' idea — let's go one step bloody further, let's really kick shit, let's take another

nyah

out, so the last line ends up:

Nyah — — nyah.

But Mick has a think about it and he says, nope, Keef, we gotta carry the audience wiv us, like, we don't wanna *lose* them, maan, that'd be just too ahead of its time, maybe in five years, so I say, yeah, maybe you're right, Mick, hows-about another bottle of Jack Daniel's, maaan?



"Oh, bad luck, Doctor. What a bitch of a regeneration"

High performance

Candidates spell, punctuate and use the rules of grammar with almost faltless accuracy, deploying a range of grammatical constructions; they use a wide range of specialist terms adeptly and with precision.

Extract from 'Marking Guidelines' for teachers. Midland Examining Group, GCSE English Literature 1993

PALACE EAGLES 0
SELHURST EAGLES 0

PALACE ran riot in this match and the goals were shared by top scorer Donna Wines, Paul Dermaine, Vicky Reid and an excellent solo effort from Sian Ford-Hunt.

Croydon Advertiser

Entertainers (
DO NOT USE)

[redacted]

SAYS DISNEY DISCO For Birthdays, Christenings, and Communions. Tel 421 0269.

Merseymart

" And how are matters going on in Eatanswill? " inquired Mr. Pickwick, when Pott had taken a seat near the fire, and the whole party had got their wet boots off, and dry slippers on. " Is the Independent still in being? "

" The Independent, sir," replied Pott, " is still dragging on a wretched and lingering career. Abhorred and despised by even the few who are cognisant of its miserable and disgraceful existence; stifled by the very filth it so profusely scatters; rendered deaf and blind by the exhalations of its own slime; the obscene journal, happily unconscious of its degraded state, is rapidly sinking beneath that treacherous mud which, while it seems to give it a firm standing with the low and debased classes of society, is nevertheless, rising above its detested head, and will speedily engulf it for ever."

The Pickwick Papers

Literary Review

Yankee doodle, not so dandy

The Touch of Innocents
Michael Dobbs
(HarperCollins, £9.99)

ONCE upon a time, people used to write novels and then try to sell them. Not any more.

Now you identify the market first and then produce the book. Everything else works this way round, so why not fiction too? *The Touch of Innocents*, Michael Dobbs' attempt to capitalize on the success of *House of Cards* and *To Play the King*, shows you *exactly* why not.

Dobbs, like Jeffrey Archer, wants to break out of Britain and into the American market. You might suppose this would be no problem. You don't have to live in a book's setting to read it. We're used to soaps and copshows set in the States, aren't we? Can't they read about us?

Americans, however, do not take this liberal attitude. Americans take only America and Americans seriously. If, like Michael Dobbs, you want to put some dollars in your pocket, you have to find a way of setting at least half your book there. So here we have yet another literary equivalent of one of those revolting co-productions, with an American heroine and a British villain.

But brand continuity is important too. So Dobbs has given us another version of Francis Urquhart, this time called "Paul Devereux". All he needed to do was to find a story linking this character with the Yankee heroine, Isadora Dean.

Here he has not had a great deal of luck. The plot is ludicrously incoherent — not that *that* will matter once it's been turned into telly.

Isadora is an American television reporter, working in Europe with her two small children. Her horrid, soon to be divorced husband, back in America, is a defence contractor whose future depends upon the commissioning of a new fighter plane, which will only happen if the British agree to come in on the project.

Isadora has a car crash in Dorset and is taken to hospital unconscious with her children. But lawksamercy! While she is here, her youngest is, by pure chance, stolen away by a heroin addict who sells children for adoption by lustful Arabs.

No, here's the coincidence! This adroit heroin addict is none other than Paulette Devereux, the daughter of this Paul Devereux, who — would you believe it! — happens to be secretary of state for defence, the very man who is to take the crucial decision on the new fighter plane.

Well, well, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive, eh? Devereux duly covers up for his daughter. Everybody tells Isadora that her child died in the crash and has already been cremated. Devereux even takes her into his house and tries to seduce her himself! But intelligent Isadora has her suspicions and sets off to rescue the infant, never minding that she is to lose her husband, her job, her new boyfriend, and her other child in the process. Wrath of the tigress, what?

She recovers the brat at the last moment (Gatwick airport). But it seems that the beastly Devereux, and her horrid husband too, will still get away scot-free. Indeed Devereux seems certain to succeed as the next prime minister. Dear me! But, on the very last page, Isadora suddenly remembers that she has a copy of Devereux's diary, in which he has unwisely recorded the fact that he has been screwing the prime minister's wife whenever the PM's away on official business!

This story is so batty, so fruitily silly, that it is almost endearing. You begin to feel sympathy for poor Dobbs, as he haplessly tries to find some way of joining up all the special selling points he want to get in. The task so obviously defeats him: he labours so painfully under the grossly unfair handicap of not being able to write for toffee. If there were some way of avoiding this embarrassing intermediate stage between the advance and the television adaptation, he'd take it, you just know, and spare us all.

But what a loss that would be. For *The Age of Innocents* is no mere escapism, Dobbs assures us. It is a deeply serious study of the difficulties faced by working mothers. "Until now, I have lacked the courage and certainly the experience to write about the largest group against whom there is widespread discrimination — mothers. Particularly working mothers," he says, beating his ample breast, in the Acknowledgements.

"As my various careers have flourished I have watched female colleagues being torn between maternal instinct and professional ambition, conscious of my own male advantage rather than their dilemma. Perhaps, with the help of this book and of many friends I now understand that problem rather better — and the conflicting, often tormenting, emotions of which it is composed."

Yes, that's right, there's a message here. And it's this: If you try to be a working mother, scheming colleagues will steal your job as soon as you fall ill. Heroin addicts will abduct your children and tell you they are dead. You will find yourself obstructed at every turn, by the corrupt secretary of state for defence, who will have personally nobbled every single doctor, bank manager, police officer and newspaper editor with whom you come into contact. It will be no good turning to your husband, either, because he'll already be divorcing you as a liability in his work for the military.

Most mothers will recognise the justice of this description. It is if anything an understatement of the obstacles all working women face. But it has taken the courage — as he himself so blushingly calls it — of Michael Dobbs to bring this terrible state of affairs to light. It can hardly be denied that here he has finally tackled one of the most pressing social problems of the day — just as he did when he warned us that nearly all Conservatives have already murdered at least one mistress.

He deserves every success. The publishers have surely been right to assume, as their pricing suggests they have done, that *The Touch of Innocents* will top the bestseller list for months to come. And yet people still complain about the state of the British novel!

"So you see, Tonto, not until the Fatwa is lifted can I return to my literary life in Hampstead"

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

☐ **TIM BINDING's ambitious, intelligent novel** *In the Kingdom of Air* **was inexplicably savaged** (*on these pages, too — Ed*) **when published by Jonathan Crap last year. Random House, who paid mightily for it, thus had to salvage something with the Vintage paperback, due in June.**

So art editor Peter Dyer has come up with a naked bottom, photographed by the Douglas Brothers, for the cover. Controversy rages among those who have seen proofs as to whether it is male or female. Even more bemusing is the dangling hand which appears to be about to assault, or possibly caress, the bottom. Does it belong to the bottom's proprietor or another person?

In fact the bottom is female and belongs to a Random House staffer. So hard up is the US-owned conglomerate it can no longer pay modelling fees and it encourages its employees to audition.

Here the shortlist comprised Sarah Leigh, Cape md Dan Franklin's assistant, and Dawn Fozard, assistant to Hutchinson's Tony Whittome and Paul Sidey. Both stripped off at the studio, but the ravishing Dawn stripped off more and was awarded the shot. Since then the calls from Andrew Douglas requesting her company have failed to diminish.

■ MORE on the bloodbath at Hodder Headline, where it was clever of Hely-Hatchetman to have his sidekick, Martin "Noddy" Neild (so-called because he does whatever Hely Hatchetman tells him to, however distasteful) dismiss the Vicar, the Reverend Richard Cohen, just before Christmas.

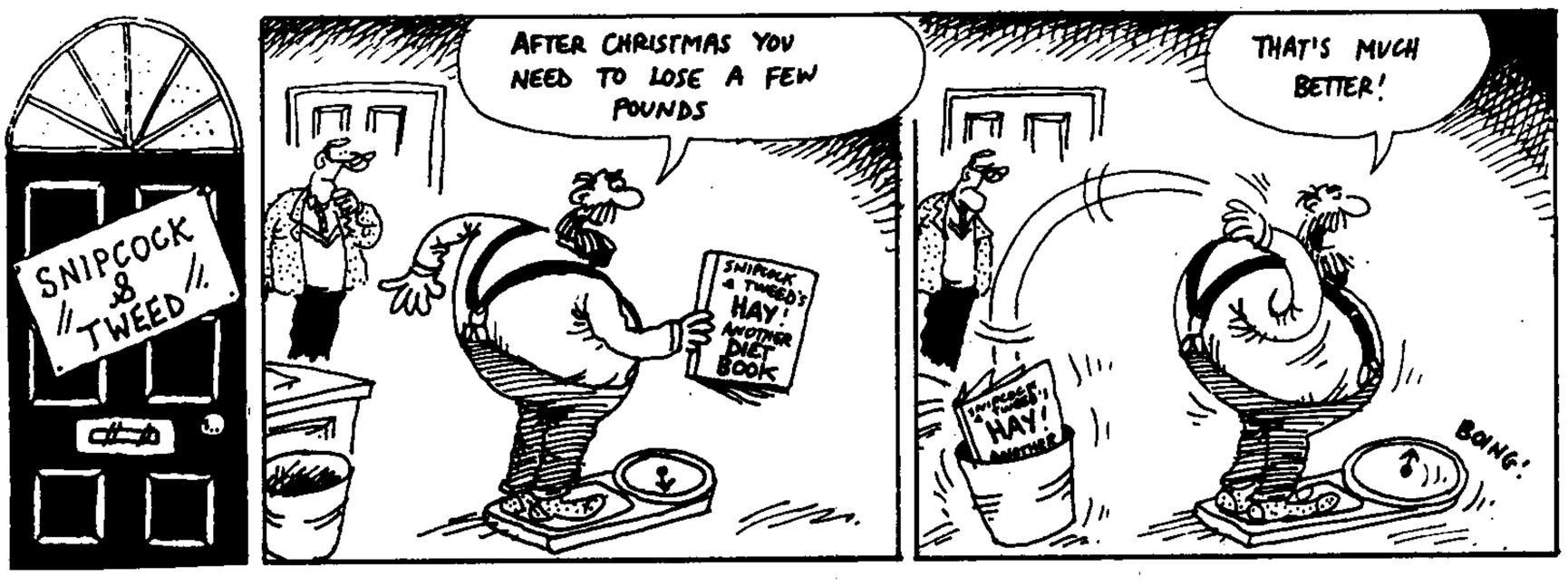
It was thus unlikely that the Vicar could alert his pals in the media, not to mention Lord Archer of Grantchester, whose books the Vicar may or may not have written.

Tony Hammond, one of the best marketing managers in the business, has also been given the push, as has Robert Bacon, the highly experienced paperback marketing manager.

Once Dunton Green has been sold off to Tesco or Sainsbury for another massive profit, Hely Hutchinson intends to slash the redundancy terms, put in place by the Attenboroughs, to the legal minimum: one week for every year worked up to a maximum of 20 years, instead of the current one month.

This should enable Hely-Hatchetman to continue to drive his £70,000 Mercedes Coupé and for he and his three top associates to continue clocking up a mere £700 in monthly car parking charges. Noddy has also been told to slash the marketing and promotion budget to 2 percent below the industry norm — knocking off hundreds of thousands of pounds that are desperately needed to promote a vast range of authors. The boss and his gang will, of course, still be able to operate from their expensive new Euston Road.

'Bookworm'


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
AFTER CHRISTMAS YOU NEED TO LOSE A FEW POUNDS
SNIPCOCK & TWEED'S HAY! ANOTHER DIET BOOK
THAT'S MUCH BETTER!
HAY! ANOTHER
BOING!

footnotes

LOCKERBIE

How the Leppard changed his spots

ASTONISHING new information about the bombing of the Pan Am airliner at Lockerbie in 1988, which killed 270 people, was first presented to the British public by that most prestigious newspaper, the *Sunday Times*, and the deputy editor of its renowned Insight team, David Leppard.

On 17 December, almost exactly five years after the disaster, Leppard disclosed that a Swiss-made timing mechanism, which was alleged to have been sold exclusively in Libya, had also been sold in Germany. This undermined the only hard forensic evidence for the claim by the United States and British government that the Lockerbie bombers were Libyan.

This information came from BBC Radio's *File on Four*. Leppard was the obvious *Sunday Times* journalist to take on the scoop. Assisted throughout by generous sources in the Dumfries and Galloway police, he has written extensively about Lockerbie for four and a half years. His reports and his book on the subject provide an interesting example of how a good story can change with the political wind.

THE MALTESE FALL-GUY

In late 1989, in the run-up to the first anniversary of the disaster, Leppard wrote a string of huge articles which named the Lockerbie bombers and their paymasters.

The first article, on 29 October 1989, revealed that the "disaster trail" had "led police to Malta". The suitcase which carried the bomb was stuffed with clothes bought in Malta. The clothes were traced to a shop in Sliema, Malta, where a shopkeeper remembered selling the clothes to a man a month before the bombing.

Who was this man? The following week (5 November) Leppard provided a clue. A British couple, Mr and Mrs Middleton, who had read Leppard's original story, had come forward. They had been on holiday in Sliema a few weeks before the bombing, when they noticed, in a cafe, an "Arab, aged 40, with black wavy hair" and a blonde woman who were asking customers if they would take a suitcase on a plane. The Middletons were interviewed at once by the Scottish police, who, according to Leppard, "are hoping this may be the big breakthrough".

"All the police evidence," wrote Leppard, "points to Malta and the involvement of two key suspects who visited the island just two months before the bombing". Leppard named the two as Hafez Kassem Dalkamoni and Abu Talb. Both were members of a gang organised by a Palestinian terrorist faction which had been paid millions of pounds by the Iranian government to destroy a US airliner. The Lockerbie bombing in short was in revenge for the shooting down of an Iranian airliner by a US warship in the Gulf the previous July. The significance of the Middletons story was that Abu Talb had a blonde girlfriend. Police believed this was the woman seen by the Middletons in Sliema.

The gang leader, according to Leppard, was Ahmed Jibril, who worked out of an office in Damascus with the full protection of the Syrian government. The bomb-maker was Marwan Khreesat. Khreesat and Dalkamoni had been arrested weeks before the bombing by the German police in a mass raid on suspected terrorists. In the car from which they were seized was a model bomb, with Semtex explosive packed into a Toshiba cassette recorder. The German police concluded at once that the bomb was designed to go off in an aeroplane.

When forensic experts confirmed to the Scottish police that the Lockerbie bomb had been planted in a Toshiba cassette recorder, the coincidence was irresistible. David Leppard reported: "The Lockerbie investigators believe Khreesat made five Semtex bombs, including the one that blew up Flight 103... They do not believe that Libyan or Syrian bomb-makers were involved."

Could the Jibril gang be interrogated? Khreesat, incredibly, had been released "for lack of evidence" three weeks after he had been found in the car with a bomb. Dalkamoni and Talb were in prison — in Germany and Sweden.

When Leppard published another article the following week (12 November), the net was closing on Abu Talb. Leppard was able to reveal: "Talb flew out of Malta on November 26 last year only three days after a man walked into a boutique in the tourist resort of Sliema and bought clothes which were later wrapped round the Pan Am suitcase bomb." Moreover, Talb owned a "brown Samsonite suitcase of the same type and colour that contained the bomb". Talb was obviously the chief villain.

SWEDISH RHAPSODY

Leppard's next article, on 3 December, started with dramatic news: "A Palestinian named last week by a Swedish court as a suspect in the Lockerbie bombing is expected to be extradited to stand trial in Scotland next year. This move comes after the biggest breakthrough so far in the international criminal inquiry into the murders".

The breakthrough was as follows: "During a 90-minute closed court session of a Swedish court in Uppsala, Ulf Forsberg, the Uppsala district prosecutor, told the presiding magistrate that the owner of the boutique in Sliema, Malta, had identified Talb as the man to whom he sold the clothes."

"The trail to Talb was so strong," wrote Leppard on 17 December, that Scottish detectives rushed to Sweden so they could interview their suspect the very next day. The interview did not produce the dramatic result expected. The following week, on Christmas Eve 1989, Leppard reported sadly: "Talb declined to answer any questions about the Pan Am bombing."

That, quite suddenly, seemed to be the end of the matter. In the early months of 1990, the trail which had been so hot went cold. Charges which had been so imminent never materialised.

In August Iraq invaded Kuwait. Feverishly, US president George Bush put together an alliance to "liberate" the emir of Kuwait.

Crucial to this alliance was president Assad of Syria. In November 1990, Bush met Assad for a council of war. A surprisingly long part of the meeting was devoted to Lockerbie and the alleged involvement of Jibril and his office in Damascus. The moment the meeting broke up, the whole course of the Lockerbie investigation changed.

THE ROAD FROM DAMASCUS

Its centre was switched from Dumfries to Langley, in the US, headquarters of the CIA. In a flash, the chief suspects were no longer Syrians, Iranians or Palestinians. They came from Libya, whose government had vehemently denounced the US role in the Gulf. In this confusing atmosphere, David Leppard sat down to write *On The Trail of Terror, The Inside Story of the Lockerbie Investigation*, which was published in October 1991.

The book starts confidently enough by repeating that the main suspects were the Jibril gang. On Leppard plunges through the German police investigations, through the arrests of Dalkamoni, Khreesat and Talb, plainly promoting the view that the bombing had been planned in Iran and Syria. Then, without warning, the theme swerves.

Talb, who had been Leppard's "first suspect" in those original *Sunday Times* articles, isn't mentioned in the book until page 174. There is a vague indication that he was involved in the bomb plot. But the detailed evidence in those *Sunday Times* articles that Talb had been positively identified as the man in the Maltese boutique has vanished. So have Mr and Mrs Middleton, who had spotted the suspicious-looking Arab and his girlfriend asking about suitcases on planes.

The fact that Talb had had a Samsonite suitcase — key to the case against him in the

Sunday Times articles — was now, perhaps, not so relevant, since his wife had produced the suitcase, all shining and unexploded. Hafez Dalkamoni, who, in the Leppard articles, had gone to Malta with Talb to place the bomb in the plane, had, according to the Leppard book, never gone to Malta at all. The entire thrust of those original Insight scoops — that Talb and Dalkamoni had put the bomb on the plane at Malta — evaporated into thin air.

Instead, there is in Leppard's delightful phrase, "new thinking". His short last chapter, which runs against the stream of so much of the rest of the book, is called The Libyan Connec-

FIRST SUSPECT: Abu Talb

tion. It has two central figures. The first is poor Tony Gauci, the Sliema boutique owner, who had helpfully identified Talb as the suspicious clothes-buyer a few weeks before the disaster. Leppard reveals that in November 1990, a few days after that convivial meeting between Bush and Assad, Gauci was called in for renewed questioning about Lockerbie. He was asked to look at a completely new set of photographs to see if he could identify afresh the man who had bought the clothes in 1988.

The new photographs showed scores of Libyan intelligence agents, which, Leppard reported, CIA agents had "somehow managed to obtain". "Finally," Leppard reports, "the Maltese shopkeeper identified" a "junior Libyan intelligence agent" as the man in his shop whom he had previously identified as Abu Talb. "This," concludes Leppard triumphantly, "was the breakthrough the Scottish police had been looking for".

This miraculous switch of suspects from a 35-year-old Palestinian to a Libyan in his fifties greatly cheered the authorities in Britain and the US. Two Libyans have been charged and sanctions imposed on Libya to enforce their extradition.

Who was responsible for the shift in the evidence? Step forward Vincent Canestraro, head of the CIA counter-terrorist section. Leppard tells us it was Canestraro who first fingered Libyans as the Lockerbie bombers. Canestraro's bull point, says Leppard, was "a piece of a Swiss-made timing device which points a clear finger at Libya" (page 219). This is the evidence which Leppard has now so effectively undermined in the *Sunday Times*.

Scrambled Eggar

■ **THE LOUD hurrahs that greeted the prime minister's signing of the third stage of the massive Al Yamamah arms deal with the Saudi royal family are beginning to fade a little.**

One of the conditions of the deal was that British firms would invest at least £1 billion in the kingdom. A good candidate for this part of the deal, as far as the British government was concerned, was ICI.

How wonderful it would be, ministers reflected, if a good slice of the billion could be invested in one swoop by ICI — in a big petrochemical plant, for instance. The minister who made himself responsible for discussing this idea with ICI was Tim Eggar.

This seemed odd since Eggar is the energy minister and is not specifically involved in petrochemicals. But sceptics should realise that there is no minister closer to the prime minister, nor one who better understands the sensitive role in the British economy played by the House of Saud.

The *Eye*'s information is that ICI was a little peeved at the suggestion that the direction of their investment might be guided by the government. ICI's own experts had identified Pakistan as a safer and more profitable place for the chemical plant.

When the *Eye* put this to ICI, there was a bit of a panic in the company. The following answer came back. It needs to be read carefully.

"ICI's PTA business has identified a possible investment opportunity in Saudi Arabia and has been in talks with Saudi Arabian companies. This has already been reported in the press. Any investment decision will be taken on commercial grounds in the interests of ICI shareholders. The chairman of ICI has received a letter from the minister for energy at the department of trade and industry. It simply offers assistance on ICI's discussions with Saudi Arabia. The ICI PTA business sought government assistance at the outset and has been very pleased with the help provided. There is no suggestion of any disagreement between the UK government and ICI over what is a straightforward commercial matter."

ENERGETIC: Tim Eggar

GRAND NEW YEAR QUIZ

Q: How much did it cost last year to run private cars for Ministers of agriculture?

- ☐ £2,329
- ☐ £23,329
- ☐ £232,931

Clues. 1. There are four Ministers (Gillian Shephard MP, Michael Jack MP, The Earl Howe, and Nicholas Soames MP) with a car each.

2. After Shephard's subsidy reductions, a hill farmer's average income is now £4, 500 a year.

A: £232,931 (or about £1000 a week per Minister).

NORMAN'S TELECON

■ ONE OF the most powerful "back to basics" men around is Norman Tebbit, former cabinet minister and leader of the House of Commons, who left politics to make more money.

Tebbit is perennially lecturing the Tory party about its desertion of the true Thatcherite cause, and is much sought-after by newspaper editors to pen those pithy leader-page sermons that pay so well.

One such was published by the *Daily Mail* on 4 January under the heading: *A distinguished politician voices his concern...* HOW BRITAIN IS SHACKLED BY THE EUROCHEATS.

The article contained the following passage: "British Telecom is a profitable, efficient, telecommunications giant — paying the taxpayers a billion a year in corporation tax. There is no more waiting for a phone, and more and more customers have the choice to take their business to one of BT's rivals if they are not satisfied."

Nowhere in the article does the indignant lord declare that he is a main board — and very highly paid — director of British Telecom. One basic he is getting back to is the inalienable right of a rich Tory to boast in large-circulation newspapers about his company without even revealing that it *is* his company — and to get paid a grand or two into the bargain.

The Life and Achievements of Sir Christopher Foster (contd)

■ **SIR Christopher Foster (Coopers & Lybrand, Railtrack, Circle 33 etc) was "assessor" to the Layfield public inquiry into the building of the Sizewell B nuclear power station.**

Armed with statistics from the Central Electricity Generating Board, he argued passionately that nuclear power was the cheapest way to run a power station. Soon after his case was won and the power station started, electricity was privatised and the same CEGB argued just as passionately that nuclear power was "uneconomic" and had to stay, therefore, in good old unprofitable public enterprise. Which it has.

FACT: The Sizewell B power station will cost the country £1 million a day for all the 35 years it is designed to function.

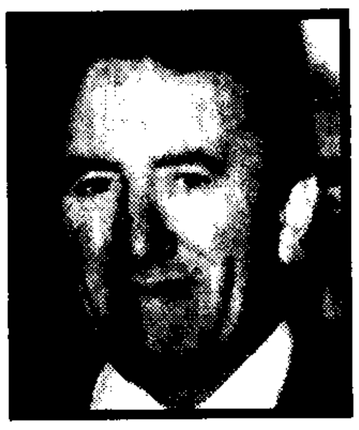
ANOTHER FACT: If the government subsidy for nuclear power had been available over the last three years to the coal industry, there would have been no need to close any pits, and all the coal produced could have been given away free — at a profit.

GONGS! Two in the Eye

■ **IT WAS good of Her Majesty and her advisers to respond so quickly to the last Eye's recommendation of Neil Cossons, director of the Science Museum, for a knightood (for sacking so many staff while lashing out so much public money on Sir Tim Bell's influential PR agency.)**

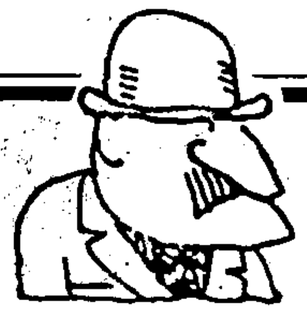
The Eye's recommendations for honours are usually discussed a little longer before they come to fruition. A more typical case is that of Kenneth Warren, former Tory MP for Hastings and Rye, who chaired the awkward Commons Trade and Industry Select Committee hearings on the Supergun affair in 1991 and 1992. Eye no 790 (27th March 1992) congratulated Mr Warren on the committee's report on Supergun, which was described as a "historic whitewash". "Mr Warren" the Eye concluded "is expected to be high on the list of nominations for an early honour". A few weeks later (17th July 1992) the Eye reported: "Warren has retired from Parliament, mysteriously without the knighthood the Eye predicted: we may yet be proved right, however".

We have been. Warren is in the latest batch, for political and public services.



WARREN: Arise Sir Ken

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183



In the City

"MORE MONEY is stolen at the point of a fountain pen than at the point of a gun," declared Californian judge Lance Ito before jailing Sir James Goldsmith's business associate Charles Keating in 1992 for 10 years over the defrauding of investors in his American Continental group.

Yet this glaringly obvious truth is one which somehow eludes many British judges who preside over fraud trials. Far too many do not understand complex fraud or see it as serious crime deserving serious punishment. This is part of the problem to which the Serious Farce Office has failed to be a solution.

The starkly different approach of American judges to fraud was demonstrated last month in two high-profile cases containing many similarities to those of Roger Levitt and Terry Ramsden — the latest evidence of how British judges do not treat fraud seriously.

In New York, Wall Street giant Salomon Brothers' former chief trader of government securities was jailed for four months despite cooperating with prosecutors investigating the treasury note auction rigging scandal and pleading guilty. Paul Mozer placed bids in clients names without their knowledge in order to boost Salomon's share of the issue.

Federal judge Pierre Leval said it was important that Mozer spend time in prison. "This must not be seen by the world as something the world doesn't care about," the judge declared. "In the world of financial crimes deterrence of others is an extremely important aspect of sentencing." A thought that clearly never occurred to Mr Justice Laws (who decided 180 hours' community service for Levitt equalled a deterrent) or Judge Pownall (for whom Ramsden's suspended prison sentence was also a deterrent).

The same day in Los Angeles, federal judge Stephen Wilson showed even greater determination to make that point than Leval, who has a reputation for leniency. Wilson threw the book at Ramsden's one-time business associate Charles Knapp, convicted of duping an Arizona savings and loan institution into lending him $15 million. Wilson gave Knapp the maximum allowed sentence of 6½ years in jail plus an $11 million fine. The reason? Knapp, just like Levitt who misled regulators and investors, "had no qualms about using whatever was necessary to support his crumbling financial empire".

Lucky for Levitt that he had the out of touch and ill-informed Laws who could have jailed Levitt for two years but considered Levitt's loss of reputation and fortune (family trust and pension plans excepted) made community service "commensurate"!

Some years ago it was decided that sentencing in federal courts was far too important to be left to judges — a heresy that the bewigged dinosaurs who inhabit British courts denounce as an intrusion into their powers and judgment on which the great British public is best to rely. Now federal guidelines take into account all factors regarding the crime and the defendant's background. Judges must sentence within the minimum and maximum terms set by those guidelines. This is to prevent sentencing fiascos like Levitt.

All too often in British fraud trials judges are influenced by the nature of the defendant (white, middle class, first offence) and the technical nature of the offence rather than its impact (losses to investors or creditors). The convicted fraudsman's counsel brings out the onion with tales of loving wives, grieving children, ruined careers, lost reputations, poor health, previous good character and "won't do it again guv, honest". The result is all too familiar. Levitt and Ramsden follow the "justice" meted out to Ramsden's associate Tony Cole, who stole investors' funds (suspended sentence) and insider dealer Geoffrey Collier (fined).

Mr Justice Henry in the first Guinness trial saw through the mitigation smoke screen pointing out that the courts must treat captains of industry the same as embezzling clerks who sing the same self-pitying song. But when it comes to fraud the rich are also different, they do not go to jail.

"White collar criminals do have many redeeming personal characteristics," declared an American regulator, "otherwise they would not be able to ply their trade". British judges would do well to follow the line taken a few days after the Levitt case by federal judge Richard Vollmer in Alabama. Sentencing British born insurance swindler Alan Teale, Vollmer threw out a plea bargain deal which would have given Teale ten years inside. Instead he imposed the maximum sentence — 17 years. Compare that and the 15 years given in Florida to fellow British fraudsman Alex Herbage with the record 10 years sentence on Peter Clowes. Pointing to Teale's 5,500 victims who lost £49 million, Vollmer declared: "This court is in the business of justice not forgiveness."

WHAT are we to make of the latest bizarre twist in the Rowland-Bock power struggle inside Lonrho? First came the disclosure that "Tiny" Rowland was assisting his new best friend, Hero from Zero Mohammed Fayed, to sue Lonrho's ally in the Fayed feud, ex-House of Fraser finance director Graham Jones, by handing over internal documents showing Jones was paid £555,000 for information given in breach of contract. It was no doubt accidental that the payment was evidenced by a document bearing the names of Lonrho director Robin Whitten (a Bock ally) and former Lonrho director Terry Robinson, whose departure Rowland never forgave.

Then Rowland used the BBC's *Money Programme* to rubbish publicly his former "indivisible" best friend Dieter and reveal that his chosen successor ("almost like a son") had borrowed £100 million to buy his Lonrho stake! The latter news is no surprise to *Eye* readers, although clearly a surprise to Rowland, who a year ago was happy to support ludicrous claims of the unknown Bock's billionaire status.

Could it be that Rowland is looking to Fayed for some assistance in a bid to buy out or block Bock? Why otherwise give up Jones, who had done what he was asked and paid to do, to the phoney Pharaoh who has long sought revenge against his ex-employee? So much for loyalty; but then loyalty does not seem to matter much these days at Cheapside House where the Rowland pensioner loyalists on the board are on their way out despite their leader's claims that if they go, I go.

Is the aim to force Bock to buy out Rowland's remaining shares, most of which are under an option with maybe two years before it can be exercised, currently worth £72 million? Otherwise without the financial firepower to either buy out or neutralise with a third party ally Bock's near 19 percent stake, the board room struggle can only go one way: Bock's way.

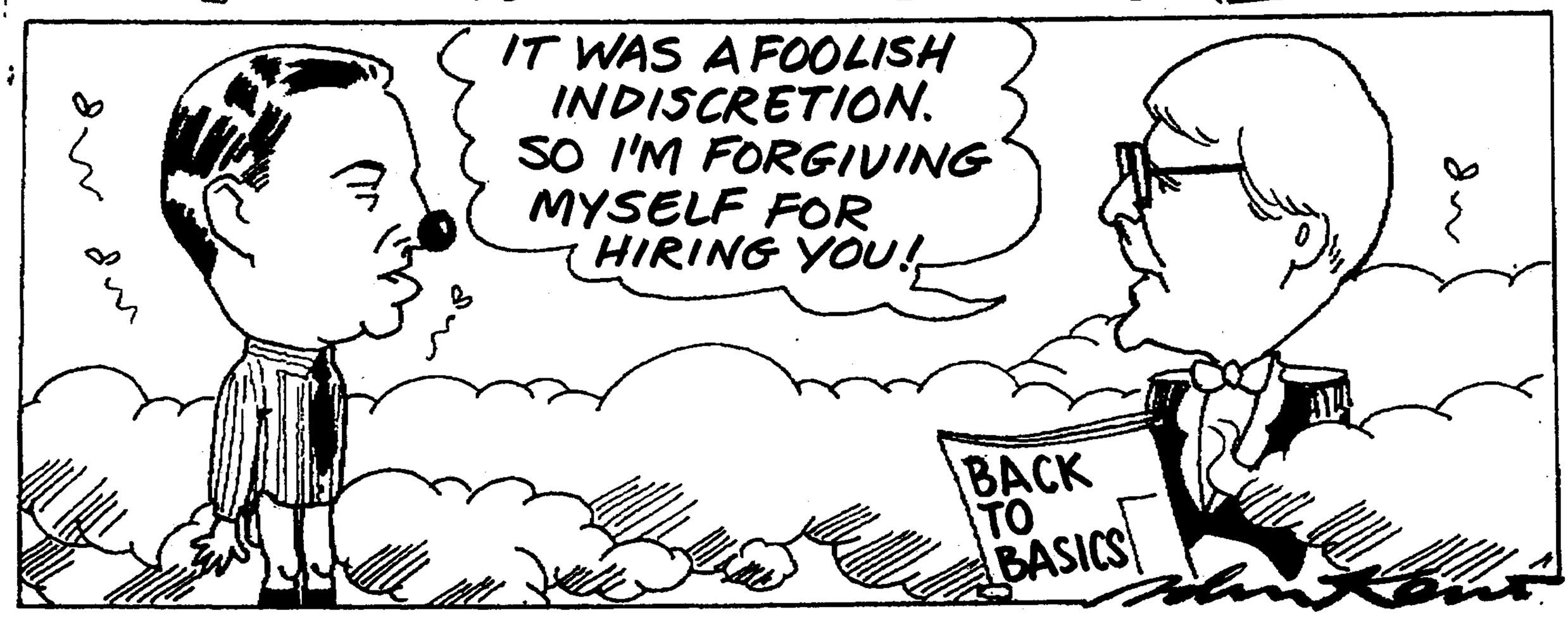
These must be worrying times for the public spirited person who leaked the DTI report into Fayed's takeover of House of Fraser.

THE soon-to-be not *Independent* at all's intrepid Polly Peck investigator Tim Kelsey is said to be hot on the trail of further wrongdoing by the SFO. This news will no doubt please the fugitive Asil Nadir who continues to provide his full backing and encouragement in Northern Cyprus to the *Independent* in exposing those who see him as a victim, not the man who stole £370 million.

Armed with documents he claims prove the guilt not only of the perjuring police officers but corrupt journalists who pursued Nadir for their secret employers, the fearless Kelsey will undoubtedly publish or be damned.

Once Nadir is rehabilitated perhaps Kelsey's hero will help back the planned investigative magazine with which not only Kelsey but prestigious names like bookseller Tim Waterstone and Beano publishers D.C. Thomson have been linked.

'Slicker'



8 REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO PRIVATE EYE

1] It's a bargain at **only £15**

2] **NOW** you are saving **£8.40** on the news stand price

3] Subscribers' magazines are the first copies printed

4] They are sent off on Tuesday by **1st class post**

5] It's so easy to subscribe — just a phone call will do. Dial **071 228 0425** giving us your credit card details and we'll do the rest

6] It's a **GREAT MAGAZINE**

7] Er. . .

8] That's it
(that's enough reasons — Ed.)

SUBSCRIBE!

ALTERNATIVELY USE THIS ORDER FORM

To: **Private Eye Subscriptions**, Mortimer House, 230/ 236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE.
I enclose £15* (cheques payable to Private Eye).

Name of NEW SUBSCRIBER

.....

Address (please print & use the postcode)

.....

.....

.....

or Debit my ACCESS/VISA

Number .....

Expiry date .....

Name of CARDHOLDER (if different)

.....

Address (please print & use the postcode)

.....

.....

.....

*UK rate, for overseas rates see under *Gnome*

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES (INCLUDING 17½% VAT)

Regular style £1.50 a word.
Centred semi-displayed advertisements £3.20 a word.
Box numbers £8.00 each
(including forwarding of replies).

Send your advertisements with your name, address, telephone number and cheque or postal order (payable to **PRESSDRAM LTD** - no cash please) to PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG. Also use this address to reply to box numbers. ACCESS, VISA or SWITCH cardholders may dictate advertisements on 071 734 6887 (24hrs) or Fax details on 071 437 0705. Submit advertisements to arrive at least 10 days before issue date. We regret there may be a delay before publication of EYE LOVE advertisements due to demand.

Send your advertisements to reach us by Tuesday 18th January for inclusion in the next issue.

FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISING: 071 437 4017

Quote of the week:

Invitations to the 60th birthday party of bon viveur Sir Nicholas Fairbairn on Christmas Eve are suitably over the top: instead of "at Home", he will be "at Castle".

The Independent

DON GRAY surveys the Fens from the security of The Hall, and ponders 1993. He is not happy — not happy at all. Nonetheless, his annual message is affirmed in the following: F.G.I.T.B.I.T.W.A.S.A.I.A.C.

SPEECHWRITING by Mitch Murray. See "Eye Help".

99% OF POLITICS is crap! Find out about the 1% that isn't. For free magazine write: SOCIALIST STANDARD, Freepost, London SW4 7BR.

MARTIN PURCELL. Where are you?

ART BRONZE FOUNDRY. Happy birthday JOHN COCKIN from Louise! Would you like me to put an ad in the Eye instead of buying you a present so that people know about your foundry in France? 010 33 68 31 27 64 or fax 68 31 56 66.

CAPITAINE — thinking, "Things can only get better" — SOUS-FIFRE.

PERSONALISED CHAMPAGNE. Your own unique message printed on the label. Delivered next day. £24.95. 071 622 4452.

HUG-VOUCHERS. Someone you know deserves one. Only £1.50 each or 5 for £6.00. (Only available) from HUGS & CO (P), East Seaton Farm Cottage, Arbroath, Scotland, DD11 5SD.

BALLOON FLIGHTS Berks/ Hants/ Herts/ Surrey, great gift idea, £95. ADVENTURE BALLOONS 081 840 0108.

NAME A STAR for the one you love. International star registry allocates and registers name of your choice in USA & Switzerland. Fab gift pack includes splendid colour certificate inscribed in calligraphy and star chart pinpointing exact location. £47.50 inclusive. Access/Visa/Diners/Amex/cheque. Call Freephone 0800 212493 or write ISR, Freepost, 24 Highbury Grove, London N5 2BR.

T-SHIRT/SWEATSHIRT. One or more laser printed full colour with your photo or artwork. Unique, fun gift by mail. Tel 0628 521451 for brochure.

PERFECT VALENTINE gift! Original long-stemmed red rose, exquisitely handcrafted in Origami, by regular TV expert! Cheque/PO £15.99 inc p&p, message to RICK BEECH, 33 Ormskirk Rise, Spondon, Derby. 0332 281802.

FLYING DUCKS, Cops 'n' robbers, doctors & nurses, dinosaurs... SAE for wallplaque catalogue: INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton. (0273-606240) Access/Visa.

BIRTHDATE / ANNIVERSARY newspapers — FREEPHONE 0800-906609.

MARVIN HANGLIDER — after-dinner entertainer. 03727 43230.

UNUSUAL LAWYER gifts — free catalogue, 0734 832811.

PERSONALISED ANSA-PHONE messages. Sung in close harmony by celebrated vocal group. Unique gift. £29.50. Choose Jazz, Madrigal, Gregorian etc. Listen to examples and order: 0727 810453.

CLAY PIGEON introductory gift vouchers £29.00 for Xmas/B'days. STANHILL CLAYSPORTS, Nr Gatwick, 0293 821741.

CARICATURIST FOR parties and business functions. 081-520 7262.

ARE POLITICIANS a joke? They are on our exclusive animated toilet clocks. Details 0590 678455.

BALLOON SAFARIS: Around London / South-East. Gift Vouchers. 0784 451007.

CAR WINDOW stickers: "Be British, Buy British." Send £1. 26 The Square, Milnthorpe, Cumbria.

IMPRESSIVE CERTIFICATES made to order. SAE to P.L. QUINN, 54 Murat Street, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8QW.

VERY FUNNY motivational daytime or after-dinner speaker, double-legged amputee who has climbed 20,000ft several times. Leaflet 081-997 0846 (mornings).

ALAN'S CARICATURED portraits from £25. Ring 0202 433716 for examples.

SATURN AI DATABASE for colour IBM AT, supplied with encyclopaedia £19.95. SERVILE SOFTWARE, 0256 478576.

THE GARDENER. Unique garden design and maintenance system for PC. Only £29.99 inc. Cheque/PO to: CAPSTAN SOFTWARE, Freepost, Epsom KT18 7BR. Tel: 0372 727446.

FREE CHESS GAME catalogue, write/ telephone/ fax 071-490 1708. NEWBURYS, 281 City Road, London EC1V 1LA.

HI-FI CLEAROUT. It's one scoop after another here at RICHER SOUNDS, your favourite hi-fi store! If you don't mind yelling, come and get a piece of the action at RICHER SOUNDS. Freephone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hrs) and ask for your FREE "Life Begins at 40" pack and bargain packed fun catalogue/price-list.

OLD PERSIAN rugs, carpets, runners. Mostly £60-£2,000. Not a shop, just a shed, so telephone first. DESMOND NORTH, The Orchard, East Peckham, Kent. 0622 871 353.

TELE RECORDER: Domestic & commercial. Record both way telephone conversations clearly and discreetly. 081 968 0227.

GROW-LIGHTS GROW any plant from seed to maturity indoors or in greenhouse all year round. Free brochure SUNLIGHT SYSTEMS (Dept PE), 3 St Mary's Works, Burnmoor Street, Leicester LE2 7JJ. Tel: 0533 470490/470488.

DISCREET SURVEILLANCE equipment, Books, Videos. QUANTEK ELECTRONICS, 021 411 1821.

STD CODE INVERTER. Numerical directory locates advertisers. £3.00, two copies £5.00. OAKLEY PUBLISHING, PE93, Surlingham Lane, Rockland St Mary, Norwich NR14 7HH.

NEWSPAPER DECOR — Tel: 09884 2455.

DON'T FORGET!

Got a Valentine Novelty Gift to sell?

Advertise in our special "Eye Valentine Buy" classification next issue

NB

BOX NUMBER INFORMATION

Private Eye Smalls, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG

IF YOU REQUIRE A BOX NUMBER

Our box numbers are for personal advertisers only (not commercial) — the cost is £8.00.

HOW THEY WORK

Replies are sent to Private Eye and are strictly confidential. We mail them to you initially about 2 weeks after your advertisement has appeared and then (approx) fortnightly for a total of 8 weeks.

REPLYING TO BOX NUMBERS

Only one reply — Send your reply in a stamped addressed envelope to Private EyeSmalls (address above) and mark the box number clearly on the front of the envelope.

More than one reply — Put each reply in an unstamped envelope, seal it and mark the relevant box number clearly on the front of each envelope. Then put them all in a larger stamped envelope addressed to Private Eye Smalls (address above).

Your reply is then forwarded by us to the advertiser.

FEMALE INVESTIGATION Services investigate discreetly and professionally. 021-753 1811, 24 hrs.

MAILING/ACCOMMODATION address, confidentiality assured. 0392-437812, 0392-410473.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS: discreet/confidential mail/message holding service, W1. 071 580 4242.

COMPUTER TROUBLE? Let a genuine PC expert help you with advice, installation, setup, programming and trouble-shooting — and save yourself some big headaches. Call TOBY on 071-229 3001 for friendly, professional advice.

COVERT SERVICES. 0222-891372.

LIMITED COMPANIES: £90. Brochure: FREEFONE 0800 526421.

SLEUTH & SONS investigate tactfully and discreetly. 081 742 8083.

SPEECHWRITING service, guaranteed to "make 'em laugh or no fee". Fully customised, confidential, speedy. UK's No 1 humorous speechwriter since the '70s; MITCH MURRAY. 0624 622660. Access/Visa.

DON'T GET MAD, get even. Revenge by the professionals. 0903 765014.

SOUTH AFRICAN consultancy. Regular business travellers. Many contacts. Seek proposals/commissions. Fax: 071-497 2811 or mail: SAC, 28 Centrepoint House, London WC2H 8LW.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS: Savile Row, W1. Mail & packages held/forwarded worldwide. 071 287 3301.

DO YOU NEED professional assistance in your accounts department? Chartered Accountant requires short-term assignments. Ten years' experience. Phone N. HUGHES (0582) 576929. London/N. Home Counties.

PIRELLI CALENDAR 1973. Offers? Box 3637.

PLAYBOY MAGS — 32 originals, excellent condition, between 1957-67. Offers? Tel 0252 722947.

71.4% WINNERS, no odds-on. Free one-week trial. Write to: 2 Kirkham Street, Little Hulton, Manchester M38 9NX.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE, repossessions, worldwide, 24 hours. 0850 154700.

TURN YOUR OPINIONS into cash. DATABANK, 6 Greenlees Gardens, Glasgow G72.

WORK FROM HOME in '94. High income potential selling information books/ CDs for award-winning publisher. Key people sought for developing business. 081-691 2343.

SECRETS REVEALED: How to legally obtain a second foreign passport. Discover the secrets of dual nationality with over 100 countries examined. Also, become a PT (perpetual traveller) and legally avoid taxes, governments and hassle. Discover the insider facts about Andorra/ Gibraltar/ Monaco/ Campione/ Switzerland. New cars! How to buy tax free. How to become a successful legal tax exile. Free brochure to: SCOPE, Box No. 3883, 62 Murray Road, Waterlooville PO8 9JL, UK. Tel: 0705 592255 or Fax: 0705 591975. Advice that your lawyer or accountant would not dare tell you — even if they knew! Please quote our Box Number when replying.

EYES number 3, 4, 6 and 11. Offers. Box 0137.

LIGHT MOVES — anywhere anytime. 071-835 1574.

IRISH REMOVALS. Owner driver. UK—Ireland weekly. 0232-838111 anytime.

STUFF MOVING — London area. 081 299 1398.

BAYES OF HAMPSTEAD. Established 1923. For quality storage and removals anywhere in the world — notwithstanding our name. 071-435 3694.

INFORMATION UNLIMITED: Read all about it. Spying, revenge, harassment, and much more. 081-968 0227.

DRESSING UP! A magazine for cross-dressers. £5 from SMALL CHANGE BOOKS, PO Box 3612, London N4 2PH.

SEX DEATH and Magick. Books on the occult and related subjects. Free catalogue. Send SAE to THREE I PRESS (PI), PO Box 407, Stoke on Trent ST1 3TB.

AUTHORS. We'll publish your book. All subjects considered, reprints welcome. JANUS PUBLISHING, Dept 39, Duke House, London W1M 5DF.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE are publishing for themselves — the DTP revolution hits Britain. Read all about it, join it, do it yourself. The all-new 1994 SMALL PRESS YEARBOOK is now on sale — £9.95 + £1 p&p. Lists more than 2,000 small presses in Britain. Plus a comprehensive "Do It Yourself Guide" and Resources Directory, including distributors, services and media contacts. SMALL PRESS GROUP, 20 Paul Street, Frome, BA11 1DX. Credit cards and membership details: 0373 451777.

WHAT THE BANKS don't want you to know. "The Banking Fraud", £5 to FINANCIAL RESEARCH, 30 Canal Street, Thurmaston, Leicester LE4 8AA.

GOVERNMENT AUCTION News. 0686 668851.

BUFFETS & DINNER PARTIES
in your home or your office.
Wide selection of menus,
excellent references.
FRANCES TEMPLETON,
071-792 8359.

USA RADIO will send cassette recordings monthly for BBC same. JOSEPH CADIEUX, 19 Nesbit Ave., W. Hartford, Conn. 06119, USA.

UNUSUAL VENUE for recording studio. Barn? Watchtower? Church? N. Herts area. 0462 679466.

VENETO PROPERTY let required for four plus infant 22 May to 4 June in Treviso, Padova, Vicenza or Verona areas. Box 5437.

VELVET SCARVES, 10x54, black/ burgundy/ blue prints. £16.50 inc p&p. Tel: 071-701 1434. Fax: 071-701 6465.

TRANSVESTITES exclusive dressing service in Chelsea. 24hr information on 071-289 6352.

AFTER DINNER speaker, the driving instructor, hilarious! 0202 666001.

JUKEBOX HIRE for parties. Delivered/collected. Choose from 1050 hits 1950-1993. Prices from £95, also sales. 081-318 2852.

MICHAEL HOROVITZ, Jean Binta Breeze & Mahmood Jamal in performance at the Cottesloe Theatre, br Waterloo, SE1 on Friday 14 Jan 6pm. £3.50 or £2.50 concs — tel. 071-928 2252.

JAZZ TRIO available for corporate, private events. 081-501 0779.

STUDY RUSSIAN in Moscow, St Petersburg. 081 544 1718.

PC COMPUTERS for beginners video, £12.99 fully inclusive. Cheques to PIONEER VIDEO, 24 McIntyre Road, Stocksbridge S30 5DG.

LEARN TO DRIVE courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS. (0492) 531517.

COUPLE COUNSELLING. JACQUELINE SELBY. 081 450 4958.

ALCOHOL PROBLEMS/ addiction? AA is NOT the only answer. "Another Way" booklet available. One-to-one counselling also offered. 0860 787372.

WHY NOT a winter break at our beautifully situated clifftop Edwardian holiday home — overlooks sea and sandy beaches on Cornwall's Roseland peninsula. Phone 042 482 404.

ENCHANTING SOMERSET: Listed house in Glastonbury's town centre, centrally-heated and cosy, with views across the Abbey grounds. Sleeps 3. Lets available all year. Dictate your address on 0234 211606 (frequently answerphone) for brochure.

FEELING A WRECK? Spend a fortnight with ships of ancient Arabia, documenting the Omani coast's abandoned dhows. Help support 165 conservation projects in 50 countries — stop that sinking feeling. EARTHWATCH, Belsyre Court/PE, 57 Woodstock Road, Oxford OX2 6HU, (0865) 516366. Charity No. 327017.

TRUE EXPLORERS only please for our aquatic survey trips into undiscovered parts of Vietnam. Write or fax NOAH SHEPHERD, PO Box 276, Phuket 83000, Thailand. 010 66 76 212172.

EXPLORER EXPEDITIONS, 6-27 weeks TransAfrica overland from £395-£1,495. Frequent departures. 10 week game park & gorillas £750. Telephone: 0633-257561 for brochure.

EXPLORE WORLDWIDE. From Alaska to Australia, Cambodia to Costa Rica, Mali to Madagascar... Small group exploratory holidays in more than 80 countries. Wilderness experiences, cultural tours, walking, rafting, sailtreks, seatreks, tribal encounters... Get beyond the tourist facade! In Europe, Middle East, Asia, Africa, Australasia, the Americas. 1 to 4 weeks. For free 100-page colour brochure call: (0252) 344161 (24 hrs). AITO/ATOL Bonded.

COTSWOLD GLIDING Club. Five day holiday courses inclusive of all flying and instruction, £225. Accommodation lists supplied. Telephone 0285 760415 for brochure.

AMSTERDAM WEEKEND every Friday. £35. 0282 450275.

TRUCK AFRICA, intrepid camping expeditions, 4-27 weeks. 071 731 6142 (24 hrs).

AFRICAN TRAILS — overland camping safaris. 4-27 weeks. 081-742 7724.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA: Low-cost flights, tailor-made and escorted group tours. ATOL, AITO, ABTA fully bonded. Telephone — Tours: 081 747 8315. Flights: 081 747 3108.

AFRICA... THE ULTIMATE adventure holiday destination. With 20 years experience in Camping and Lodge based Safaris, TRACKS is the African specialist. Tours from 8 days to 18 weeks are featured in our new 1994/95 brochure. For your free copy contact TRACKS, 12 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AF. Tel: 071-937 3028.

HORSE DRAWN caravan holidays. Guaranteed stress-free breaks though unspoiled Irish countryside. Brochure from LEISURE BREAKS, 33 Dovedale Road, Liverpool LI8 5EP. Tel. 051-734 5200.

ASIA, AFRICA, South America overland expeditions. UK to Kathmandu, 9, 13 or 15 weeks. UK to Nairobi 20 weeks, to Harare 26 weeks. Nairobi to Harare 5 weeks. S. America 6 to 23 weeks. Turkey, M. East, Egypt 8 weeks. New colour brochure. DRAGOMAN (PE), 8 Camp Green, Debenham, Suffolk IP4 6LA. 0728 861133 (24 hours).

SAFARI CAMPING adventure holidays. See the well-known and more remote Africa — in close-up — on over 50 different Adventures and Expeditions from the African Specialists. Colour brochure, telephone: 0373 827046 (24 hrs). GUERBA EXPEDITIONS LTD, 101 Eden Vale Road, Westbury, BA13 3QX.

USA BEST AIR FARES. Australia, New Zealand, Worldwide. MERIT TRAVEL, 79 High Street, London, SE25 6EA. Tel: 081-653 6514. ABTA.

FLIGHT OPTIONS. 0432 851062.

WORLDWIDE LOWEST prices allegedly! Tel: 0942 603599, Fax: 0942 670868.

SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTIONS, flights/ insurance/ accommodation worldwide. AIR EXPRESS, Tel: 071 637 7188.

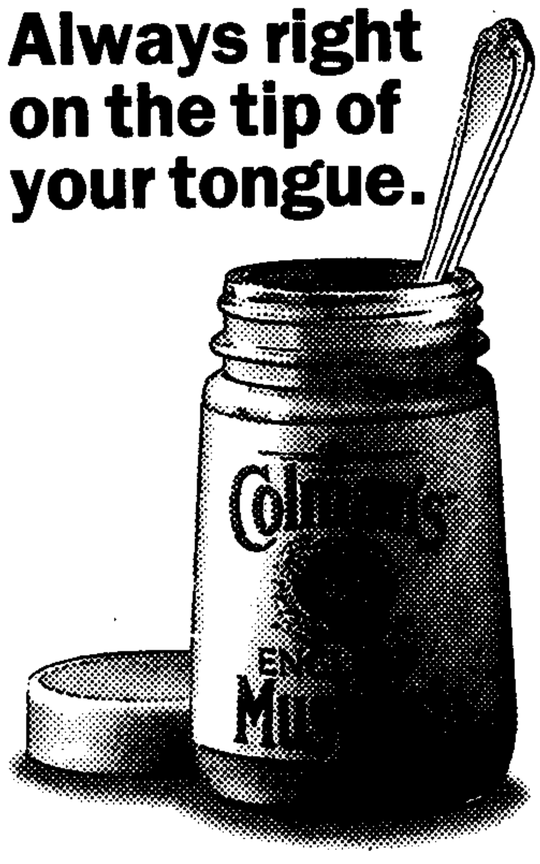
Colmanballs

"We're working towards a common currency, but of course they'll all be different."
EC Official

"I would have asked, but they might have said no."
Paparazzi photographer

"This game is full of goals, the score is nil nil."
BBC sports reporter

Always right on the tip of your tongue.



Joint Winner of the '93 Private Eye Advertisement Competition

VALENTINES

Send your Valentine Message to reach us by February 2nd for inclusion in our VALENTINE ISSUE.
Special rate — £1 per word (minimum £5).
Send wording and payment to:
"PRIVATE EYE VALENTINES",
6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG
or dictate (071 734 6887) or fax (071 437 0705)
with Access/Visa/Switch or Connect card details.

♥ ♥

FIGHTING FUNDS for legal fees to help dyslexic son take on Lewisham Council. Education needed. Box 0237.

29 AND DESPERATELY wanting to study medicine. Require funding. Place assured if finance available. Please help. Box 0337.

STUDENT needs £1500 for computer to finish course. Loan/gift. Box 0437.

DESPERATE post-graduate, worked through university, working in awful jobs for three years, still owes £6,000, must clear to set up fair trade environmental business. Donations gratefully received. Thank you. Box 0637.

YOUNG CARIBBEAN art student seeks financial help for exhibition. Anything considered. Box 0737.

CASH NEEDED. Life or death. Please help. Box 3737.

BEAUTIFUL LATIN and Polish women want friendship. LATINWORLD, 358 Danforth Avenue, #26 Toronto M4K-3Z2, Canada.

RUSSIAN INTRODUCTION will help you find your happy romance. Choose from 1000 attractive, professional Russian/Ukranian ladies, all ages. Free details, telephone 061-485 8667.

1,000 PRETTY GIRLS worldwide seek friendship, romance, marriage. Free Full-Colour Photobrochure: CORRESPONDENCE CLUB '70/PE, Box 8177, Rotterdam, Holland.

THE COMPREHENSIVE guide to finding a partner. Save time and money with "The Dating Game". Send £9.95 to the sole publishers, SKYWRITING, PO Box 573, Chippenham SN14 6QX.

MEET ZILLIONS of women at London singles parties. 071 629 5534.

BEST SINGLES magazine in universe. Free details, PERSON TO PERSON (PE/6), PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

CZECHMATE (EST. 89). 2,000 articulate, cultured Czech and C.I.S. ladies. 640 on 2 videos. Seek sincere marriage minded gentlemen. Featured BBC TV, TVam, Anglia, Kilroy. Tel: 0582 25960. Prague office: (422) 292833.

ASIAN/EUROPEAN Introductions International, Leicester LE4 5LN. 0533 610266.

BEST CHOICE of Eastern European contacts (videos available). EUROPEAN CONNECTIONS (PE/94), PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames RG8 9DN.

SIAM INTRODUCTIONS have thousands of beautiful respectable marriage minded Thai ladies. Free Photobrochure. 33 Lower Camden, Chislehurst, Kent BR7 5HY. Or Tel: 081 467 8882.

SIRIUS
If you are intelligent,
articulate and well-educated,
then we are the agency
for you. We are very
selective as we would
expect you to be,
we operate nationally and
our service is very different.
Call us for a brochure
(South):
(071) 256 6123 (24 hrs)
(North):
(0625) 860 924 (24 hrs)

"THIS PICTURE-DATING idea is brilliant." Capital Radio. Photo-introductions sent to you — a successful service for professional people. 071-839 8884 (day) or 081-297 1424 (any time).

WORLDWIDE PENFRIENDS. Details from J. Crosbie, 23 Mansefield, Grantshouse, Duns, Berwickshire, TD11 3RN.

MARGARET'S PEN CLUB — make new friends today. Age groups, 16-76. All areas, SAE details: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ.

LINKSWORLD, Meet your ideal partner locally/nationwide. Confidential service, introductions guaranteed, low fees. 081-503 8932.

PENPALS WORLDWIDE for new, interesting friendships, maybe more. Sample photos free! HERMES, Box 110660/S, D-10836 Berlin, Germany.

FILIPINO ORIENTAL Anglo Social Club. UK introductions/ events. Dance 12/2/94. 081-952 9128.

RECENTLY SEPARATED father of two, 40s, from wealthy family, searching for a soulmate. Good breeding. Loves polo, bowls, architecture and talking to plants. Good listener. Owns palatial London residence and several spacious country retreats. Do you fit the bill? Box 0837.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT for one young lady (20-29). Foreign bloke (28) in foreign land seeks female correspondent. No photo, no phone number, no meetings. I've got too many opinions, I need an outlet, and I'll listen (read). Get it off your chest. Be bitchy about your best friends. Lust after your colleagues. Be un-PC. Let's trade pleasantries and unpleasantries. Every letter gets a response. Box 1537.

DEATHWATCH BEETLE seeks mature timber. Box 1337.

HANDSOME tall upper-class chappie, 38, inclined to take life too seriously, seeks attractive younger woman to send him up and take things down. Possible excellent long-term position. Photo? Box 5037.

GRADUATE MALE, 32, seeks cheerful female best mate, into sport, laughing and drinking, who would never ask "what are you thinking" in bed. Box 5937.

ARE YOU a warm intelligent female, around thirty? Would you like to meet a nice bloke, 38, solvent, with brains and humour? This one's in Staffordshire. Box 0937.

MALE, 36, attractive, professional, no ties. Centre/Left politics. Seeks a lovely lady for strong, empathetic, physical, long-term relationship. Cambridge and beyond. Box 1037.

ATTRACTIVE, wealthy professional man (43), trapped in lifeless marriage, wants to spoil good-looking younger lady during discreet affair (London/South East). Box 1137.

PRESENTABLE professional bloke, 40, divorced, slim, loves children, flying, classical music, wants to rehearse culinary skills on slim woman in short skirts/leggings in Brighton area. Box 1237.

BANKRUPT PLAYBOY, 40 years young, tall, handsome, romantic, sincere, considerate, seeks wealthy (or at least solvent) lady to rescue him. Can offer love, affection, wit, humour and more! (Loyalty and commitment.) I'm yours till eternity. Will relocate. Photo appreciated. (Genuine bankruptcy and other details.) Box 1637.

FIRST TIME sugar daddy, tall, mature, discreet, simpatico, aching for lissome, luscious, leggy liaison, 28-45ish, bored wife perhaps? Home Counties. Box 2237.

LOVING EDUCATED handsome man, 34, seeks bright attractive female partner 16-32. South-West. Box 2637.

SHY MALE, 38, seeks exhibitionist to fulfil secret fantasy. Mustn't like underwear. Box 2737.

ATTRACTIVE city girl, blonde, slim, professional, 38, seeks similar warmhearted man, 36-42, London area. Box 2837.

BIG BORING barrister, male (36), seeks beautiful bright blonde (female). Box 2937.

JOLLY NICE CHAP (39) seeks bright pretty brunette. Starts with dinner for two (Knutsford?), ends happily ever after. Box 3037.

CHESHIRE CAT (39) seeks playful kitten to curl up with. Box 3137.

AGEING TOYBOY seeks elderly bimbo. Male 30s seeks female 40s with sense of humour and short skirt. Box 3237.

LIVELY REDHEAD, 40, graduate, seeks supper partners. Central/South London. Box 3337.

YORKSHIRE: creative, attractive, professional man, 40, sexy with excellent SoH, seeks tantalising lady of discretion. Box 3437.

MALE, professional, 50, tall, athletic, attractive, amusing, successful, seeks attractive, elegant lady, fortyish, for romance and even permanence. Box 3537.

GENEVA — attractive male seeks dream girl (any colour) for active weekends in all positions. Discretion assured and required. Skiing included. Reply with photo and tel. no. Box 3837.

MISERABLE lonely and bored tall professional male (31) seeks female to share long dull winter evenings and awkward silences. Box 3937.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, warm and witty, catholic graduate, 31, wants compatible female who's faithful and attractive. Southeast. Box 1437.

WARM AND WITTY female, late twenties, looking for similar male to make friends with. Professional by day, relaxed by night, likes city life, country walks, lively bars and good music. London based — anyone interested? Box 1737.

PETITE PROFESSIONAL attractive female, likes the city and country, seeks independent single male 35+ who enjoys the finer side of life. Photo appreciated. Box 1837.

ATTRACTIVE, professional chap (36), sort of happily married and generally sensible, seeks amusing, affectionate lady (35-45ish) to be unsensible with from time to time. London. Box 1937.

UNIVERSITY lecturer, 37, single, seeks attractive professional woman, northwest area, for friendship, romance. Your photo for mine. Box 2037.

SLIM, INDEPENDENT British business/professional lady needed by kind, tall, safe, sensitive, generous, separating British PhD Californian (mid 50s). Visits between UK, USA, holiday destinations desired to maintain periodic high-intensity monog relationship. We don't need to share the housework! Please reply air mail with phone number and photo, Box 0338, Corona Del Mar, California 92625-0338, USA.

BERKS-BASED bloke, 31, 6ft, slim, collecting arts degrees in spare time, needs sincere feminine affection to turn back the tide of cynicism. Photo? Box 2137.

Replying to a PRIVATE EYE Box Number?

Box No .....
PRIVATE EYE SMALL ADS
6 CARLISLE STREET
LONDON W1V 5RG

Address your reply like this.

MALE, young-looking 37, attached, seeks lady with gentle, affectionate nature for discreet long-term affair. ALA. London. Box 4037.

DOCTOR, 33, seeks professional, married, very slim attractive female 22-33 for uncomplicated afternoon fun. Hyde Park area. Box 4137.

MALE, 34, seeks Severine to be his Belle. Photo please. Derbyshire based. Box 4237.

YEOVIL MALE, 39, seeks intelligent sexy lady. Box 4337.

CHEERFUL attractive lady sought by interesting, professional gent, 39, for discreet liaison. Lively mind, physically fit, and widely travelled. Securely married but needs to revitalise with a sensual lady also in need of refreshment. South, West. Box 4437.

IRISH RESIDENT, early 40s. Humorous, successful but attached in difficult circumstances, seeks naughty/affectionate female to help (re) live life to the full. Phone number and photo if possible. Box 4537.

LONDON WOMAN seeks part-time male friend, 49-ish. Box 4637.

INTELLIGENT, stocky rugby playing MD sought! Expect excellent cooking, company, conversation, wit patience. SoH essential if sanity to be retained! Box 2337.

ROGUE WARRIOR derring-doer (34) seeks decadent, sultry, sylphlike (young) Amazon for covert manoeuvres. Box 2437.

ATTRACTIVE professional gentleman (49), partner obese, seeks London lady for occasional meaningful sensual relationship. Box 2537.

MALE PROFESSIONAL (28) seeks petite female (25-35) to share it all. Photo appreciated but GSoH more important than looks. Herts/London. Box 7037.

YOUNG RASPUTIN type (22) seeks Kathryn Tickell-alike (cascading red hair, tall and slinky) for 'Musette'. Celtic roses very welcome — Scots especially. Will travel for love. Box 4737.

YORKSHIREMAN seeks kind Welsh lady, hair, legs, bosom. Box 4837.

YOU KNOW it's wrong but it's going to feel so right. Good-looking, tall, busy, attached, 30s man in London seeks very attractive, free-spirited girl 20-38 (attached?) to share passion and pleasure. Go on — do it! Box 4937.

BUSINESSWOMAN, French, married, 40, slim, attractive, seeks kind high-level professional for discreet friendship. Box 5137.

UNCONVENTIONAL eccentric insomniac workaholic seeks female social/business partner, 40ish, for stress relief. Primary interests: horticulture, dancing, Avon. Box 5237.

ENTHUSIASTIC young female graduate, 30, with SoH. Interests: good food, wine, the arts. Seeks similar male 25-40. Photo appreciated. Box 5537.

HANDSOME professional male, 38, unattached, GSoH, slim, sporty, passionate, seeks intelligent female for fun, romance and more! (Bucks.) Box 5637.

SINGLE PROFESSIONAL male, tall, slim, 43, non-smoker, enjoys (among other things) walks and travel, seeks female. London/Home Counties. Box 5737.

CRAZY BUT NICE woman falls for guy. But he's not free. Any of you guys out there interested? I'm 47, have a brain, SoH, and have been known to look good. Box 5837.

MALE LAWYER, 40, slim, presentable, considerate, seeks sensual woman 40+ (preferably Rubenesque) with SoH and full-blooded sexual appetite for regular physical liaisons. London. Box 6037.

LONDON-BASED professional male, tall, attractive, 32, successful journalist, seeks attractive intelligent big girl. Photo preferred. Box 6137.

NORTHWEST research subject needed for brave attempt to understand women. Box 6237.

EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE male, 21, seeks upmarket older woman (30-55) for mutual pleasure. Looks immaterial. London. Box 6337.

LIVELY DUTCH bachelor, 50 years young, loves theatre, music, eroticism. Seeks an interesting, sensual, young female for deep friendship and whatever follows naturally. Photo? Box 6437.

W. MIDLANDS professional male (28) seeks sensuous female playmate for discreet fun liaisons. Box 6537.

MEDIA MAN, 32, single, good looking, cynical but not jaded, seeks stylish intelligent fun-loving woman for passion and good times. London. Box 6637.

SUBMARINER, 27, seeks lonely mermaid to rescue him from depths of ocean and Flossy the sheep. Please send photo. Box 6737.

TALL HANDSOME GENT, 41, charming, affectionate, sincere, romantic, seeks his "Lady of the Roses" to cherish from here to eternity. Likes homelife, travel, conversation. Equally comfortable/content in city and country, at home/ going out. Photo appreciated. Can relocate (honest). Box 6837.

COMPLIANT MALE, 31, attractive but inexperienced, offers himself to please black or Asian female (slim, non-smoker). Southampton, London. Box 6937.

Eye Soldier

CASTRATED, I might as well be. Army Officer, 27, all round bon oeuf, sentenced to monastic existence in far-flung corner of Empire, seeks goddess to wine and dine on lonely weekends of repatriation. Box 5337.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG
24hr 'SMALLS' ANSWERPHONE for messages and dictating ads with credit card : 071 734 6887
MAIN SWITCHBOARD, DISPLAY AND CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING: 071 437 4017 FAX: 071 437 0705

PLEASE WRITE YOUR ADVERTISEMENT HERE:

(use separate sheet if necessary)

YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER (this information is confidential):

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____

SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT TO ARRIVE AT LEAST 10 DAYS BEFORE PUBLICATION DATE WITH PAYMENT (CHEQUE/POSTAL ORDERS PAYABLE TO **PRESSDRAM LTD**), ACCESS, VISA, SWITCH. PLEASE DO NOT SEND CASH.

IF YOU ARE PAYING WITH ACCESS, VISA OR SWITCH WRITE THE NUMBER HERE:

SWITCH CARD ISSUE NUMBER : EXPIRY DATE:

CARDHOLDER'S SIGNATURE : _____

CARDHOLDER'S NAME & ADDRESS (IF DIFFERENT FROM ABOVE):

_____

_____

_____

***NEW* ADVERTISING RATES**

- ❑ LINEAGE STYLE: £1.50 PER WORD
- ❑ SEMI-DISPLAY STYLE: £3.20 PER WORD
- ❑ ALLOCATION OF BOX NUMBER: £8.00

VAT INCLUSIVE (RECEIPT ON REQUEST)

SERIES DISCOUNTS

- ❑ 6 ADVERTISEMENTS 10% OFF
- ❑ 12 ADVERTISEMENTS 15% OFF
- ❑ 26 (1YEAR) ADVERTISEMENTS 20% OFF

WRITE YOUR NAME & ADDRESS ON THE BACK OF YOUR CHEQUE

You write the rules when you join TSP

TSP Softbacks are exactly the same in every detail as the original hardback - **except for the soft cover** - and around half the price.

Choose any 3 books for just £1 each

c+p&p

...and you never have to buy another book *Guaranteed*

Please send to: **The Softback Preview**, PO Box 415, Uxbridge, Middlesex UB11 1DZ.

YES I enjoy good books, and I'd like to try **The Softback Preview** for 6 issues. Please send me the three introductory books I have selected below. If I decide to return them within 10 days I'll owe nothing, otherwise I understand that you will charge me £1 each plus a total of £1.99 p&p. Each Preview will feature a Recommended Title. I understand that I am under no obligation to take the Recommended Title at any time and if I do not wish to receive it I need simply say so on the form provided. **In fact I am under no obligation to buy another book ... ever.** I am over 18.

Indicate by number your 3 choices:

Name Mr Mrs Ms

(BLOCK LETTERS)

Address

PE01

The Softback Preview

Only one application per household. Offer valid in UK only. Send no money now.

"These are the terms and conditions I lay down for joining any book club.

I will not join a club which forces me to buy a book from every magazine or even a minimum number of books every year.

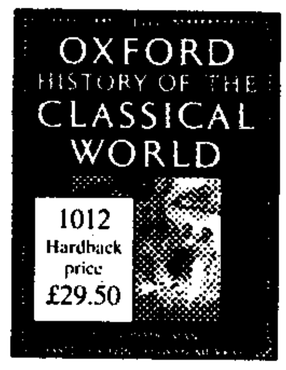
I appreciate good books and I'd like to see what you're offering. Your Preview, with around 100 books every month, sounds like a good idea to me, but don't expect me to buy any of them unless I see something I like.

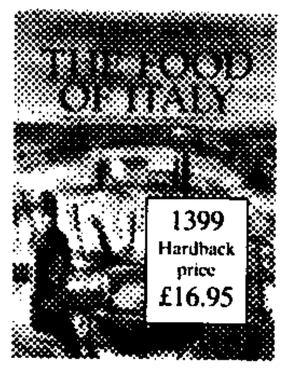
I want books which challenge, inform and entertain. Whether I'm reading fiction or biography, books on science, art, history or philosophy I always look for the very best.

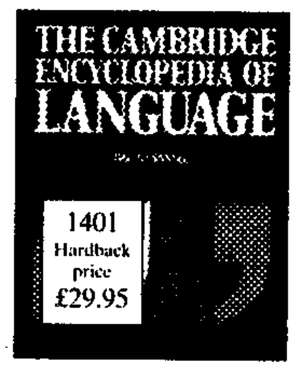
I also like my books to look and feel good, and to last. So I'm attracted by the quality of TSP softbacks which you say are exactly the same as the original hardback, except for the soft cover and cost around half the price.

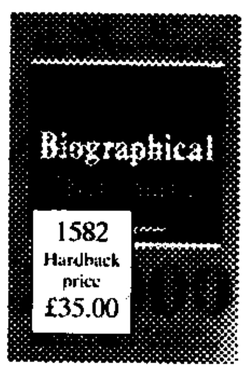
OK, I'll buy 3 of the books from this page. At £1 each, it's a good offer. If the rest of your books measure up to these then I might be tempted. But I'm not making any promises.

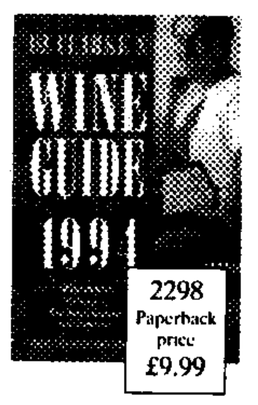
That's as much of a commitment as I'm prepared to make. If you can accept these terms then please send me the 3 introductory books I've chosen and my first Preview."

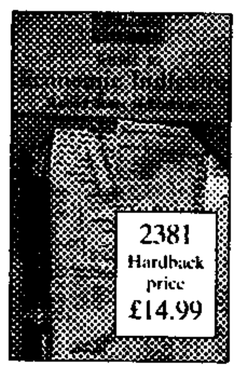


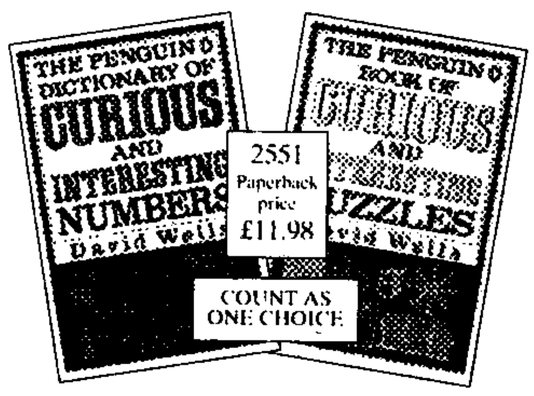


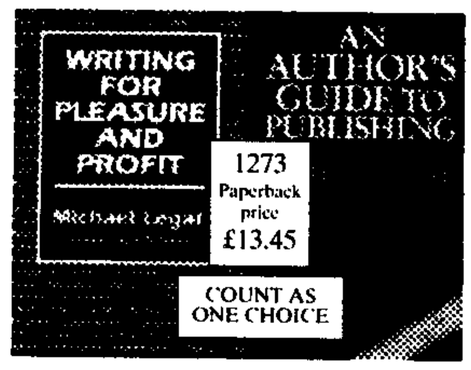


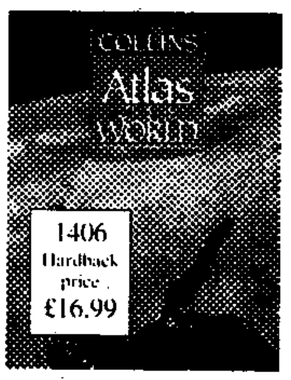


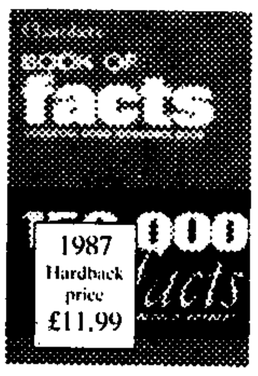


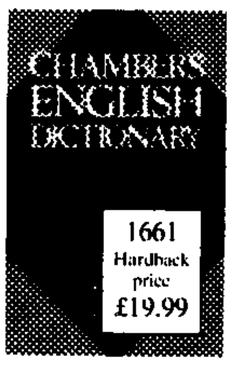


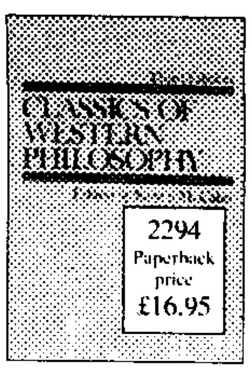

THE PENGUIN DICTIONARY OF CURIOUS AND INTERESTING NUMBERS
David Wells
THE PENGUIN BOOK OF CURIOUS AND INTERESTING PUZZLES
David Wells
2551 Paperback price £11.98
COUNT AS ONE CHOICE


WRITING FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT
Michael Legat
AN AUTHOR'S GUIDE TO PUBLISHING
1273 Paperback price £13.45
COUNT AS ONE CHOICE









The Softback Preview. PO Box 415. Uxbridge. Middlesex UB11 1DZ.

TSP Exclusive: These titles are not available anywhere else in the UK in any format.

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1V 5RG. 071-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE. 071-223 9971